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THE

WICCAMICAL CHAPLET,

A SELECTION OF

ORIGINAL POETRY;

COMPRISING

SMALLER POEMS, SERIOUS AND COMIC;

CLASSICAL TRIFLES; SONNETS;

INSCRIPTIONS AND EPITAPHS; SONGS AND BALLADS;

MOCK-HEROICS, EPIGRAMS, FRAGMENTS,

&c. &c.

EDITED BY

GEORGE HUDDESFORD.

Αλλα φιλοις μεν εμοισι φερω χαριν· εσι δε μυσαις
Κοινος ὁ των Μισεων ηδυεπης στεφανος.

MELEAGER. AP. ANTHOL.

LONDON:

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DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY ADDINGTON,

First Lord Commissioner of His Majesty's Treasury, &c.

SIR,

IT is the common fate of Dedicators to be censured, and not undeservedly, for seeking rather to prefix to their publications the names of eminent than of proper Patrons.

And such censure the Editor of this Collection might expect, if your liberal regard for the Name and House of Wykeham was not as generally acknowledged as is your salutary and unremitting exertion, for our Country's Welfare, of those Talents which received their early nurture in that VENERABLE SEMINARY.

It is with peculiar Satisfaction, for this reason, that the honour of your Permission to publish, under your Auspices, these Wiccamical Effusions is embraced and gratefully acknowledged by,

SIR,

Your obliged and

Respectful humble Servant,

GEORGE HUDDESFORD.

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THE COLLECTION OF VERSES here presented to the Public consists chiefly of Smaller Pieces, written by Gentlemen educated at the same Seminary with the Editor of these Poems; and was principally made while the Editor was resident in the University.

Scattered Manuscript Compositions, whatever be their merit, can gratify but Few Readers, and are liable to be lost from accident, from want of care to preserve, or of judgement to appreciate them. An endeavour to exempt from such hazard the following Pieces, by giving them to the Public in a Collective Form, the Editor believes, will not be unacceptable; and he hopes that the reception they may meet with will not be less favourable on account of their being interspersed with Trifles of his own.

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ERRATA.

Page 174, For, *Yet* listening Peers,
Read, *Ye* listening Peers.

Ibid. For, Know ye how hard it is to make Ode,
Read, Know ye how hard it is to make *an* Ode.

SMALLER POEMS,

AND

ODES.

VERSES,

Intended to have been addressed to the Duke of PORTLAND, *at his Installation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in the Year* 1793.

In evil hour, and with unhallow'd voice,
Profaning the pure gift of Poesy,
Did he begin to sing, he, firſt, who sung
Of arms and combats, and the proud array
Of warriors on th' embattled plain, and rais'd
Th' aspiring spirit to hopes of fair renown
By deeds of violence!—For since that time
Th' imperious victor oft, unsatisfy'd
With bloody spoil and tyrannous conquest, dares
To challenge fame and honour; and too oft
The poet, bending low, to lawless pow'r
Hath paid unseemly reverence, yea, and brought
Streams clearest of th' Aonian fount to wash
Blood-stain'd Ambition. If the stroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none else;
If they that make the cause might taste th' effect,
And drink, themselves, the bitter cup they mix,

Then might the bard (tho' child of peace) delight
To twine fresh wreaths around the Conqu'ror's brow;
Or haply strike his high-ton'd harp, to swell
The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on
When Justice arms for vengeance: but, alas!
That undistinguishing and deathful storm
Beats heaviest on th' exposed innocent,
And they that stir its fury, while it raves,
Stand at safe distance; send their mandate forth
Unto the mortal ministers that wait
To do their bidding.—Ah! who then regards
The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry,
And famine, and the ghastly train of woes
That follow at the dogged heels of war?
They, in the pomp and pride of victory
Rejoicing, o'er the desolated earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad hymns of triumph; hymns to God,
On the destruction of his gracious works!
Hymns to the Father, o'er his slaughter'd sons!—
Deteſted be their sword! abhorr'd their name,
And scorn'd the tongues that praise them!—Happier *Thou*,
Of peace and science friend, hast held thy course
Blameless and pure; and such is *thy renown*.
And let that secret voice within thy breast
Approve thee, then shall these high sounds of praise
Which thou hast heard, be as sweet harmony,
Beyond this Concave to the starry sphere
Ascending, where the spirits of the blest

Hear it well pleas'd :—For Fame can enter Heav'n,
If Truth and Virtue lead her; else, forbid,
She rises not above this earthy spot;
And then her voice, transient and value-less,
Speaks only to the herd.—With other praise
And worthier duty may she tend on *Thee*,
Follow thee still with honour, such as time
Shall never violate; and with juſt applause,
Such as the wise and good might love to share,

by the Rev.d W. Crowe
Public Orator of Oxford.

THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

A Prize-Poem at Oxford, 1771.

Εις οιωνος αριστος αμυνεσθαι περι πατρης.

Hom.

Who fights his Country's battle,
Does in his bosom feel a golden omen
Of victory.

Ye souls illustrious, who in days of yore
With peerless might the British target bore;
Who, clad in wolf-skin, from the scythed car
Frown'd on the iron brow of mailed war;
Who dar'd your rudely-painted limbs oppose
To Chalybéan steel and Roman foes:
And ye of later age, tho' not less fame,
In tilt and tournament, the princely game
Of Arthur's barons, wont, by hardiest sport,
To claim the fairest guerdon of the court;
Say, holy Shades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
Roll thro' your faithful sons in nobler flood,
Than late, when George bade gird on ev'ry thigh
The myrtle-braided sword of Liberty?
Say, when the high-born Druids' magic strain
Rous'd, on old Mona's top, a female train[a]

[a] Vide Αρμοδιυ μελος.

To madness, and with more than mortal rage
Bade them, like furies, in the fight engage;
Frantic when each unbound her bristling hair,
And shook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild despair;
Or when, in Cressy's plain, the sable might
Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight;
Say, holy Shades, did patriotic heat
In your big hearts with quicker transport beat
Than in your Sons, when forth, like storms, they pour'd,
In Freedom's cause, the fury of the sword;
Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
With Hawke who conquer'd, or with Wolfe who bled?

Poor is his triumph, and disgrac'd his name,
Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame:
For him tho' wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Tho' Fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
Tho' twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade:
For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pœans sung,
No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue:
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
The curse of widows, and the orphan's tear
Cry to high Heav'n for vengeance on his crimes:
The pious Muse, who, to succeeding times,
Unknowing flattery, and unknown to kings,
Fair Virtue only and her votaries sings,
Shall shew the *Monster* in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake, or a storm.

Not so the patriot Chief, who dar'd withstand
The base invader of his native land;
Who made her weal his noblest, only end;
Rul'd, but to serve her; fought, but to defend
" Her voice in council, and in war her sword;
" Lov'd as her father, as her God ador'd;"
Who, firmly virtuous, and severely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not save!
On worth like his the Muse delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph or defeat;
Crowns with true glory, and with spotless fame,
And honours PAOLI's more than Cæsar's name.

Here let the Muse withdraw the blood-stain'd veil,
And shew the boldest son of public zeal:
Lo! SYDNEY, pleading o'er the block! his mien,
His voice, his hand, unshaken, clear, serene:
Yet no harangue, proudly declaim'd aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward croud;
No specious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
Still death delaying, as afraid to die;
But sternly silent down he bow'd; and prov'd
A calm, firm, martyr to the cause he lov'd.
Unconquer'd patriot! form'd by ancient lore
The love of ancient freedom to restore;
Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And seal'd, by death, the lesson that he taught.

Dear is the tye, that links the anxious sire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;

Dear is the love, that prompts the grateful youth
His sire's fond cares and drooping age to sooth:
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife;
Dear all the charities of social life:
Nor wants firm Friendship holy wreaths to bind
In mutual sympathy the faithful mind:
But not th' endearing springs that fondly move
To filial duty, or parental love;
Not all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
Nor all in friendship's holy wreaths entwin'd,
Are half so dear, so potent to controul
The gen'rous workings of the patriot soul,
As is that holy voice, that cancels all
These ties, that bids him for his country fall.

Nor yet doth Glory, tho' her port be bold,
Her aspect radiant, and her tresses gold,
Guide thro' the walks of death alone her car
Attendant only on the din of war;
She ne'er disdains the gentle vale of Peace,
Or olive shades of philosophic ease,
Where heav'n-taught minds to woo the Muse resort,
Create in colours, or in sounds transport;
Where youths court science, or where sages teach;
Where statesmen plan, where mitred fathers preach;
More pleas'd on Isis' silent marge to roam,
Than bear in pomp the spoil of battles home.

To read, with Newton's ken, the starry sky,
And God the same in all his orbs descry;

To lead forth Merit from her humble shade,
Extend to rising Arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice structure of the gen'rous Law,
That holds the freeborn soul in willing awe;
To swell the sail of Trade, the barren plain
To bid with fruitage blush, and wave with grain;
O'er pale Misfortune drop, with anxious sigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye,
These, these are deeds Britannia must approve,
Must nurse their growth with all a parent's love;
These are the deeds that public Virtue owns,
And, just to public virtue, Glory crowns.

Prize Poem by the Revd
Christopher Butson, Fellow
of New College — now
Dean of Waterford —

ODE,

WRITTEN AT THE FOOT OF SNOWDON,

In the Name of a Gentleman who was much struck, in the Isle of Anglesey, with a Miss WRIGHT.

On rocky Mona's sea-girt shore
What scenes could wild Imagination trace?
Around the western blast should howl and roar,
The clashing flood its deaf'ning surges pour;
While Cromlechs, steep'd in human gore,
With barb'rous laws and rites mark'd a rude savage race,

Ferocious manners, and an uncouth tongue,
Convivial joy, dash'd with tumultuous strife,
Harsh features of an untam'd spirit breathe;
And to the hardy boist'rous native leave,
Save now and then the soft harp, sweetly strung,
Scarce one of all the blandishments of life.—

Total Reverse! to these gay scenes belong
Beauty, fair order, and the choral song,
The hospitable roof and sprightly dance,
And temper'd mirth, and dress and elegance.

No! 'twas no Druid's blood-stain'd [a] grove
First struck my aching sight;
But in a grove,
The haunt of love,
It was the form of beauty, mild and bright.

The Flame that from *that Altar* mildly shone,
Was touch'd (I fable not) with heav'n's own [b] fire
No Druid worship there, no heart of stone:
There pure Devotion dwelt and young Desire.
But my fears say, when I approach this Shrine,
With awful step and downcast eyes,
One barb'rous *Rite* remains:—tho' else divine,
It still may love the human Sacrifice!

[a] Baron Hill, Lord Bulkley's.
[b] The lady had been struck with lightning.

ODE,

TO AN ANGRY MISTRESS.

As mortals, when a low'ring sky
Shews an offended Deity,
Bring the meek offering of Pray'r
T' avert th' impending plague, nor dare
With his high pow'r expostulate—
So I, now threaten'd with your hate,
To calm the anger of your eyes,
Present this Verse, *my sacrifice.*

Spirits, whose unweary'd care
Tends the beauties of the fair,
Bring the sweetness and the grace
That is seen in Myra's face;
Bring the dimples of her cheek,
And the smile that's wont to speak,
Like a pure Intelligence,
Love's diviner eloquence;
Lest the frowns she gathers now
Cloud that heav'nly arch, her brow;
Lest pale Anger dim the rose
That upon her count'nance glows;
Or, approaching near her breast,
Scare the young Loves from their nest:
Then, when ye behold her mien
Once more smiling and serene,
In her ear this counsel mild
Gently breathe: " Be reconcil'd,
" Transient sway is beauty's claim;
" Kindness feeds Love's lasting flame."

ODE

TO A COUNSEL IN SOUTH WALES,

Who made strong Declarations against Poetry, to which he was much devoted.

SHALL no fair one of all the fair throng
Rise the theme of thy amorous lay?
Tho', like [a] Philomel, weeping in song,
Or tho' wild as the wood-lark in May?

Does the Muse, in the trammel of laws,
Now flutter her pinions in vain?
Does she faulter o'er briefs and old saws,
And grovel in this sink of gain?

Shall the fond foster-child of that Muse
Soft nurst in the jessamine bower,
Her shell, like an ingrate, refuse,
To become the first blood-hound of Power?

In his fastness the Briton to seek,
And drive, like the Pict, to the sea?
With the rod of oppression to break—
And sacrifice fame to his fee?

[a] He wrote an Elegy on the Distresses of Miss LINLEY, wherein he compared her to a nightingale.

Ah, never on Towy's fair shore
Be the tale to the Oreads told,
Who Grongar's recesses explore,
And tend the wild thyme on the wold!

Ah, never on that hallow'd sweard
Where, while Corydon[b] slept, in the air
Druidical numbers were heard,
Ere he painted the landscape so fair,

Shall the dissonant bray of the Courts,
Shall the sound of the whip, or the thong,
Ever drive the fair Train from their sports,
Or obstruct the sweet flow of their song!

Then, friendly to nature and truth,
Foe to jargon, ambition, and hire,
Resume the lov'd Arms of your youth,
And war with the Myrtle and Lyre!

[b] Dyer.

ODE

TO THE CROW.

SAY, weary Bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night
Tends thro' the midway air,
Why yet beyond the verge of day
Is lengthen'd out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of Care?

The wren within her mossy nest
Has hush'd her little brood to rest:
The wood-wild pigeon, rock'd on high,
Has coo'd his last soft note of love;
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard their downy young from an inclement sky.

Each twittering bill and busy wing,
That flits thro' morning's humid spring,
Is still;—list'ning perhaps so late
To Philomel's enchanting lay,
Who now, asham'd to sing by day,
Trills the sweet sorrows of her fate.

Haste, Bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
They call on heav'n and thee for food,
Bleak—on some cliff's neglected tree;
Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight—
It is the chilling hour of night;
Fit hour of rest for Thee!

By Mr Palmer of Peterborough

ODE

TO THE LYRIC MUSE.

Spoken at the Inſtallation of Lord NORTH, *Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

STROPHE I.

FAIR Sov'reign of the golden lyre,
Deſcend, Thalia, from th' inchanted grove
Of Mona, where thou lov'ſt to rove,
Liſt'ning the echoes of thy Druid quire;
The ling'ring ſounds that yet reſpire
Wak'd by the breezes of the weſtern main;
And bring ſome high and ſolemn ſtrain,
Such as was heard that fatal day
When Rome's dread Eagle ſtoop'd to prey
On Mona's free-born ſons, while Liberty
Struck on the magic harp her dying ſong.—
Dealing vengeance on her foes,
The mortal Genius of battle roſe,
And call'd Deſpair and Death to lead her hoſt along.

STROPHE II.

O, Muſe divine! whene'er thy ſtrain
Devotes the tyrant head to ſhame,
The Patriot Virtues brighten in thy train;
And Glory hears the loud appeal;
And thou, unconquerable flame,
Firſt-born of ancient Freedom, Public Zeal;

Thou, in the dark and dreary hour
When Tyranny her dragon-wing outspread,
And Sloth a sullen influence shed,
And every coward Vice that loves the night
Revell'd on Corsica's ill-fated shore;
Thou didst one dauntless heart inflame,
Lo, PAOLI, father of his country, came,
And with a giant-voice
Cried, "Liberty!" unto the drowsy race
That slept in Slav'ry's dull embrace;
Rouz'd at the sound, they hail'd thy glorious choice,
And ev'ry manly breast
Shook off th' unnerving load of rest;
And Virtue chasing the foul forms of Night,
Rose like a summer sun, and shed a golden light.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But, ah! how sunk her *veiled* Head,
Untimely dimm'd by Gaul's o'ershadowing pow'r
And shalt thou rise, fair isle, no more?
Thy patriot heroes sleep among the dead:
Thy gallant virtues all are fled;
Save Fortitude, sole refuge from despair.
O Gaul, oppression's blood-stain'd heir
Let me not tell how, taught by thee,
England's rude sons smote Liberty
On Vincent's sable rock, her Indian throne:
Not unaveng'd; for in her cause the sky
Storms and fiery vapours pour'd,
While Pestilence wav'd wide his tainted sword
To smite * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ANTISTROPHE II.

[*The close of the First and the whole of the Second Antistrophe are lost.*]

EPODE.

Then, O Thalia! let thy sacred shell
Wake the lofty sounds that swell
With rapture unreprov'd the patriot breast!
Rob'd in her many-colour'd vest
On Isis' banks shall Science stand,
Waving in her bounteous hand
A wond'rous chaplet; high reward
Of toils, by public virtue dar'd:
And while, to claim the envied meed
Fair Fame his vot'ries leads, thy voice,
O Muse, shall join th' applauded choice
That fix'd the glorious wreath on FREDERIC's honour'd head!

By the Rev.d W. Crowe

ELEGIES,

AND

PLAINTIVE PIECES.

ELEGY,

IMITATED FROM FLAMINIUS,

Lib. iv. Page 18.

THESE tears, MONIMIA, and these heart-felt groans
I pay, sad tribute for the joys I've lost;
Well pleas'd if life's last ebbing drop attones
My much-wrong'd Maid, and sooths her wand'ring ghost.

These now—nor will I long delay my part
In this dread scene of fatal misery;
Soon shall keen sorrow rend my perjur'd heart,
And join this faithless form in death to thee.

What tho' proud Stella share the nuptial bower
Which thy fond shepherd wove for thee alone.
With Stella I ne'er felt Love's genuine power,
Nor the strong tie of souls by choice made one.

But blind obedience to a parent's name,
(Curse the cold dictates of unfeeling Age!)
'Twas this forbade to nurse the mutual flame,
And in fond vows my willing heart engage.

For this I did to guilty wealth aspire,
To the calm haunts of gentle peace unknown;
Fondly for this profan'd love's hallow'd fire,
And hop'd for bliss when innocence was gone.

Love ne'er in pomp with mean Ambition vies,
Love knows no joys beyond the simple plain;
The splendid roof of gilded Care he flies,
And dwells beneath some shed, a cottage swain.

Perhaps e'en now thy visionary Shade,
Pleas'd the sad realms of silence to resign,
Bursts the cold prison of the peaceful dead,
And waits the doom that seals my fate with thine.

Hark! or I dream, from the dull womb of death
The well-known summons cries, "False youth, prepare!"
(That voice, like whisper of young zephyr's breath,
Which oft in life could charm my love-sick ear.)

"I come"—nor longer will delay my part
In this dread scene of fatal misery;
E'en now keen sorrow rends my perjur'd heart,
And joins this faithless form in death to thee.

A

HERMIT'S MEDITATION.

In lonesome cave
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A Hermit thus enjoy'd.

His choicest *Book*,
The remnant of a human head,
The volume was, whence he
This solemn lecture read.

Whoe'er thou art,
Partner of my retirement now,
My nearest intimate,
My best companion Thou!

On thee to muse
The busy living world I left;
Of converse all but thine,
And silent that, bereft.

Wert thou the Rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd?
Wert thou the Great,
To whom obsequious thousands bow'd?

Was learning's store
Ere treasur'd up within this Shell?
Did wisdom ere within
This empty Hollow dwell?

Did youthful charms
Ere redden on this ghastful face?
Did Beauty's bloom these cheeks,
This forehead, ever grace?

If on this brow
Ere sat the scornful haughty frown;
Deceitful Pride! where now
Is that disdain?—'Tis gone.

If cheerful Mirth
A gayness o'er this baldness cast;
Delusive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now?—'Tis past.

To deck this scalp,
If tedious long-liv'd hours it cost;
Vain, fruitless toil! where's now
That labour seen?—'Tis lost.

But painful sweat,
The dear-earn'd price of daily bread,
Was all perhaps that thee
With hungry sorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Surest relief of heart-sick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
These sockets us'd to flow.

Oppress'd, perhaps,
With aches and with aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
A few and hoary hairs.

'Tis all *Perhaps*—
No marks, no tokens, can I trace
What on this stage of life
Thy rank or station was.

Nameless, unknown,
Of all distinction stript and bare,
In nakedness conceal'd,
O who shall Thee declare

Nameless, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No human visage see.

From Me, from Thee,
The glories of the world are gone:
Nor yet have either lost
What we could call our own.

What we are now
The great, the wise, the fair, the brave,
Shall all hereafter be,
All hermits in the Grave.

THE MONCKIS COMPLAYNTE TO ALMA MATER,

Touching dyverse newe Matters wrought in Oxenforde Cytie.

WHIE, holie Modher, whie doth ruthlesse honde
Thus smyte thie [a] gates of hoarie majestie,
Workyng rude spoyle wheare Science kepte her stonde,
Contente to flowte all gawdie fantasie?
Stay, holie Modher, stay soch vanitee,
Albe so trymm, this nought beseemeth thee.

No goodly sight of [b] bedesmannes connyng celle,
Wheare urchyn Wysdome crawled forth thie lappe,
No sturdie [c] porche wheare valour's chylde did dwelle,
Swyllyng his lore from out thie plenteous pappe!
Staie, holie Modher, staie soch vanitee,
Albe so trymm, this nought beseemeth thee.

[a] The city gates all taken down. [b] Friar Bacon's study.
[c] Queen's College old gateway, which was the room of Hen. V.

At wonted noone thie [d] trenchermenne unseene,
  At eve unheard thy [e] chawnte of godlie tonge,
More godlie far soch holie chawnte I weene
  Than mottrying clerke with messe ne said ne songe,
Staie, holie Modher, staie soch vanitee,
Albe so trymm, this nought beseemeth thee.

Nyghte's sterrie hoste in steadie path doth byde,
  Ne soff'reth chaunge thilk Lampe whyche ruleth daie;
O let not showe of mortals wytlesse pryde
  Bedimm thie heavenlie course, sweet Sainct, wee praie:
Staie, holie Modher, staie all vanitee,
Ne be moe trymm thanne erste beseemed thee!

[d] Twelve, the usual hour of dinner, now changed to three, 1792.

[e] Chaunting the service abolished in the choirs.

TO

ELIZA.

I ASK'D A KISS, and scarce those lips complied,
For instant fled the momentary joy:—
Would thou hadst still the fatal bliss denied
And then, as now, been more severely coy!

Can one slight show'r refresh the thirsty mead?
One single plant with verdure clothe the plain?
One star o'er yon wide arch its radiance spread?
Or one small rill supply the boundless main?

The skies unnumber'd all their bounties pour;—
In such profusion are their blessings given,
E'en thankless man must own the wond'rous store
Becomes the rich munificence of heaven.

While you one kiss, and one alone, resign'd,
Tho' favouring night enwrapt th' unconscious grove;
Tho' well you knew not countless millions join'd
Could sate th' unrivall'd avarice of love.

Yet once again the dang'rous gift renew,
With kinder looks prolong the fleeting bliss;
Let me too try, while all thy charms I view,
Like Shakespeare's Moor, to "die upon a kiss!"

But no such kiss as some cold sister grants,
Or colder brother carelessly receives;
Mine be the kiss for which the lover pants,
And the dear, soft, consenting mistress gives!

Else I as well might clasp the sculptur'd fair,
And press th' unyielding marble lips to mine:
Or woo, the transports of my love to share,
The pictur'd forms of Reynolds' hand divine.

In thy sweet kiss, O, blend such soft desires
As conquer youth, and palsied age can warm;
Those arts that cherish love, like vestal fires,
And bid in Virtue's cause our passions arm!

Such if thou giv'st—tho' closing air and sea
Efface the arrow's path, the vessel's road,
More faithful to their trust my lips shall be,
And bear th' impression to their last abode.

ANSWER

To the foregoing Address.

AND dar'st thou then, insulting youth, demand
A second spoil from love's impoverish'd store?
Shall strains like thine a second kiss command?
Thankless for One, because I gave no more?

One lamp irradiates all yon starry heav'n,
One polar star directs the pilot's way;
Yet what bold wretch complains no more were giv'n,
Or doubts the blessing of each friendly ray.

One timorous kiss, which multitudes might bode,
At once thy sun and guiding star had prov'd,
If, while thy lips beneath its pressure glow'd,
And thy tongue flatter'd, thou hadst truly lov'd.

The flame which burns upon the virgin cheek,
The rising sigh, half utter'd, half suppress,
To him who fondly loves, will more than speak
What wav'ring thoughts divide th' impassion'd breast.

Such soft confusion could the moor disarm,
And his rough heart like Desdemona's move;
But soon her easy weakness broke the charm,
And ere her life she lost, she lost his love.

No—if I hate thee, wherefore should I press
A treacherous contract with love's favourite seal?
And, if I wish thy future hours to bless,
Ah! why too soon that anxious care reveal?

A ready conquest oft the victor scorns;
His laurels fade whose foe, ere battle, yields:
No shouts attend the warrior, who returns
To claim the palm of uncontested fields.

But let thy soul each lawless wish disown
While yet my hate or love is undeclar'd—
Perhaps, ere many circling years are flown,
Thou'lt think Eliza but a poor reward.

For, oh! my kisses ne'er shall teem with art,
My faithful bosom forms but one design—
To study well the wife's, the mother's part,
And learn to keep thee, ere I make thee mine.

Gently and smoothly to my end;
May innocence my actions guard,
May peace of mind be my reward,
And may I ever have a friend!

By J. H. Thorpe Fellow of New C.

THE LOVER

To his Mistress in declining Health.

PRIDE of yon lawn, whose living gems
Bespangle Flora's summer vest,
Smote by the day-star's sultry beams
The musk-rose bows her blushing crest.

Unwonted grief my breast invades,
Cynthia! that drooping rose art thou;
And envious Malady o'ershades
The graces of thy lovely brow.

E'en now her with'ring touch I view
Steal from thy cheek health's crimson dye;
And langnor each bright glance subdue
That told my heart love's embassy.

Pallid thy lip that Venus blest
With ruby tints, with rich perfumes;
Where He, whose arrows pierce my breast,
In nectar bath'd his little plumes.

Thy bosom's heavenly orbs of snow
Swell not above its circling zone,
And faintly throbs that heart below,
Which beat for love and me alone.

Ah! should inexorable fate
To his dark realms my fair consign,
Shall Thyrsis ask a longer date?
No! let thy parting hour be mine!

Sever'd thro' life's inclement day,
O! give thy last fond sigh to me;
And blest the mandate I'll obey
That weds my soul in death to thee.

ON THE DEATH OF

Dr. GREGORY,

Professor of Physic at Edinburgh.

FAR from the gay, to seek the lonely shade,
With heaving breast the Muse dejected turns,
Sighs to the wave that murmurs in the glade,
And Isis echoes what Edina mourns.

O Thou so greatly lov'd, so quickly lost!
The tear that o'er thy grave unbidden flows
Prints on the living turf a fairer boast
Than all the fame that sculptur'd pride bestows.

Science on thee, her early fav'rite, smil'd,
Lur'd from the mazes of her dark retreat;
And led thee swiftly thro' the boundless wild,
To those blest bowers where Wisdom fix'd her seat.

And oft thine eye the treasures would explore
That Nature pours to sooth the stings of pain,
And Pæan's self inspir'd the sacred lore
That forc'd the praise of all thy wond'ring train.

And oft thy curious step would lightly trace
The flow'ry margin of the vocal mead,
Where sport the warb'ling Muse and sprightly Grace,
And sweep the lyre, and wake the tuneful reed.

Tho', pressing on to Fame's exalted shrine,
The dazzling rays of glory round thee play'd,
Still Modesty would blend her paths with thine,
Shrink from the glare and court the milder shade.

But poor the praise that *rests* on envied art,
Could Wisdom's lips alone thy worth proclaim:
Thine was the feeling breast, the lib'ral heart;
And every tongue conspir'd to bless thy name.

Thine was the joy another's joy to swell,
From pedant strife indignant far to fly,
With Fancy's beams the gloom of woe dispel,
And dry the tear that melts in Sorrow's eye.

With Her, whose mental charms her bloom refin'd,
Once was thy lot the purest bliss below;
And now, in happier, holier ties combin'd,
Ye share the joys which only angels know.

Yet the kind father, and the common friend,
Thine heirs must weep, whom ev'ry grace adorns;
Yet with their sighs the public sorrows blend,
And Isis echoes what Edina mourns.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΣΣΥΦΟΝ.

Αὖλι τεω μελεος, φιλε Κοσσυφε, ποικιλο τραυλε
Ισθ' εν εμῳ κηπῳ, παιλοσε καρποφαγος.
Αἱρεμας εσθιε, ξεινε; τα μεν κομαρα δροσοεντα,
Και συκης θερινους πορφυρεον τε βολυν.
Αλλα ποθεις ταχ' εκεινα τα μηλα (φερ, ως καλον οζει)
Και ταδε σαυλῳ εχοις, σφηκας απωσαμενος,
Των δε των κερασων περιφειδεο, πειναλεος περ,
Τηρησας γαρ εχω Φυλλιδι δωρα ταδε.
Ειδ' αρα τωνδε φαγης, το δε δεινοταλον σοι απηλω,
(Οιδα γαρ εν δαφναις τεκνα σα κευθομενα)
Ταυτα γε, παντ' αφελων, καλιης αμα, Φυλλιδι δωσω,
Αντ' εδανων καρπων δωμα νεοσσοκομον.
Αλλα συγ, ω δυσπηνε, κινυρομενος περι παιδων,
Φωνησεις τι κυκνων ηδιον οιχομενων.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΣΣΥΦΟΝ.

Αντι τεȣ μελεος, φιλε Κοσσυφε, ποικιλο τραυλȣ
Ισθ' εν εμῳ κηπῳ, παντοσε καρποφαγος.
Ατρεμας εσθιε, ξεινε; τα μεν κομαρα δροσοεντα,
Και συκȣς θερινους πορφυρεον τε βοτρυν.
Αλλα ποθεις ταχ' εκεινα τα μηλα (φερ, ως καλον οζει)
Και ταδε σαυτῳ εχοις, σφηκας απωσαμενος,
Των δε των κερασων περιφειδεο, πειναλεος περ,
Τηρησας γαρ εχω Φυλλιδι δωρα ταδε.
Ειδ ἀρα τωνδε φαγης, το δε δεινοτατον σοι απειλω,
(Οιδα γαρ εν δαφναις τεκνα σα κευθομενα)
Ταυτα γε, παντ' αφελων, καλιης αμα, Φυλλιδι δωσω,
Αντ' εδανων καρπων δωμα νεοσσοκομον.
Αλλα συγ, ω δυστηνε, κινυρομενος περι παιδων,
Φωνησεις τι κυκνων ηδιον οιχομενων.

ANACREONTIC,

FROM JULIANUS ÆGYPTIUS.

Στεφος πλεκων ποθ' ευρον
Εν τοις ροδοις Ερωτα
Και των πτερων κατασχων
Εβαπτισ' εις τον οινον.
Λαβων δ' επιον αυτον.
Και νυν εσω μενων με
Πτεροισι γαργαλιζει.

LUBIN. 1004.

TRANSLATION.

As a garland once I wove,
I found, amid the roses, Love:
Fast by the wings the rogue I caught,
And drench'd him in a copious draught.
Heedless wretch! I took the cup,
And drank it to the bottom up.
Still I feel his tingling dart
Still he flutters at my heart.

AMICO SUO ——.

Χαιρειν ετ ευπρατ]ειν.

Tibi quod optas et quod opto dent Divi!
Ut anima semper læta nesciat curas,
Ut dextra semper larga nesciat sordes,
Ut Bursa, semper plena nesciat rugas,
Ut Facta semper æqua nesciant fucum,
Ut Fama semper pura nesciat probrum,
Tibi quod optas et quod opto dent Divi!
Ita ex animo vovet——

INVOCATIO AD MUSAM.

Dulce sub Autumnum venienti frigore mane
Lacte novo relevare sitim; dulce oscula Nisæ
Præripere, in fæno cum semisupina recenti
Stertet, nuda sinu; sub vespere dulce vagari
Dum vigil effundit liquidam Philomela querelam;
At mihi dulcis amor Musarum ante omnia:—Musæ
Sicelides, vestro, precor aſpirate poetæ?

AN INSCRIPTION

For a Wood adjoining a Park of mine, on the Confines of Mount Cithæron, on the left Hand, as you go to Thebes.—

I am no Friend to Hunters, and hate their Noise.

Αζομενος πολυθηρον εκηβολε αλσος ανασσας,
Τᾶς δεινᾶς τεμενη λειπε, κυναγε, Θεας!
Μενοι αρ ενθα κυνῶν ζαθεων κλαγγευσιν υλαγμοι;
Αὐλαχεις Νυμφᾶν αγροϊερᾶν κελαδω.

MASON'S GRAY.

EX ANTHOL.

Ηρασθην, εφιλεν, ετυχον, κατεπραξ, ἀγαπωμαι—
Τις δε, και πῆς, και πως, η Θεος οἶδε μονη.

TRANSLATION.

RASH Hunter, hence—nor pass this hallow'd mound,
To Dian's haunt a facrilegious wrong:
Hence!—know here only chaunts her sacred Hound
In eccho to the wood-nymph's mountain song.

By another Hand.

Stop, Hunter! nor this hallow'd wood profane—
Where only Dian leads her sacred hounds,
And the sweet shouting of the Oread Train,
In eccho to her full-tongued pack resounds.

TRANSLATION.

LOVING I was belov'd, and I enjoy'd:—
Still with strong tide my heady passions flow;—
But who the Lover, or the Love,
Or where the Theft—the Pow'rs above
And you, my Goddess, only know.

CARPHYLIDÆ.

Ex Anthob. III. i. 6. Brunck. II. 401.

MEAM præteriens, Viator, urnam,
Non est quod lacrymâ riges sepultum;
Nam nil et mihi mortuo dolendum est.
Conjux una mihi, fuitque fida,
Quâ cum consenui; dedique natos
Tres in fœdera fausta nuptiarum;
Ex queis, sæpe mihi in sinu tepenti,
Sopivi pueros puellulasque:
Qui tandem, inferiis mihi relatis,
Misêre ambrosios patrem sopores
Dormitum, Elysii virente ripâ.

THOS. WARTON.

TRANSLATION.

PASSING the tomb where my cold relics lie,
Let no tear fall, nor heave the anxious sigh!
Spare these! You need not, traveller, in me
Weep the sad state of frail mortality.

On one pure altar I still watch'd a flame,
Clear, ardent, unextinguish'd—and the same.
No second worship, with a mix'd controul,
Weaken'd the constant passion of my soul.
My vows were single—to the close of life
I had but one, and she a faithful Wife;
And we grew old together: and I led,
With happiest omen, to the genial bed
Three Children; whose dear babes, to my fond breast
Close folded, oft I've gently sooth'd to rest.
And now, each sad funereal duty paid,
Each rite, each offering to a parent's shade,
They've pass'd me hence, in Godlike ease to take
Sweet slumbers on the soft Elysian lake.

ANACREON,

ODE I.

Θελω λέγειν Ατρείδας.
Θέλω δὲ Κὰδμον ἀδειν·
Η βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
Ερωτα μοῦνον ἠχεῖ.
Η μειψα νεῦρα πρώην
Καὶ τὴν λύρην ἅπασαν·
Κἀγὼ μὲν ἤδον αθλους
Ηρακλέους· λύρη δὲ
Ερωτας αντεφώνει.
Χαίροιτε λοιπον ἡμῖν
Ηρωες· ἡ λυρη γὰρ
Μόνους ἔρωτας ἄδει.

Translation—
Of Cadmus would I sing,
And the Atrides tuneing;
But my revolting string
To love confines its strain—
My string in vain I changed,
Attend my dyre anew
And wider would have ranged,
Hercules labours thee
In vain — My dyre [illegible] love,
[illegible] love alone will dwell;
[illegible] shall I prove,
[illegible] henceforth [illegible] well—
E. P.

PARODY.

THE story of King Arthur old,
And More, that dragon-slayer bold,
I strove to sing—in vain I strove—
My cat-gut squeak'd "How sweet is Love."
A thousand ways I turn'd each screw,
And resin'd every string anew.
Again I try'd: "God prosper long—"
Broke in the middle was my song—
I found each faint idea flown
In "Joys of Love are joys alone."
Adieu each big, each lofty air!
Come, "Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair!"
Adieu each tale so blythe and merry
Of John and the Priest of Canterbury!
My Fiddle now alone can tell
"The charms of beauteous Florimel."

Χαιρ' ω πεδον αγχιαλον,
Και μ' ευπλοια πεμψον αμεμπτως,
Ενθ' η μεγαλη Μοιρα κομιζειν.

SOPHOC. PHILOCT.

LOOSE TRANSLATION,

The freedom of which has Reference to the Cast and Character of Mr. CROWE's *Poem of* LEWESDON HILL, *to which the above is the Motto.*

FAREWELL thy printless sands, and pebbly shore!
I hear the white surge beat thy coast no more;
Pure, gentle source of the high rapturous mood!
Where'er, like the great flood, by thy dread force
Propell'd, shape Thou my calm, my blameless course,
Heav'n, Earth and Ocean's Lord!—and Father of the Good!

EX ANTHOL.

ηρη τις μ' εφιλησε καθ' εσπερα χειλεσιν υγροις ;
εκταρ ειην το φιλημα, το δε στομα νεκταρος εσπεν,
υν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον Ερωτα πεπωκως.

TRANSLATION.

'Twas she—'twas she, the gentle maid,
At eve, beneath the myrtle shade,
Kiss'd me with moist and pulpy lip:—
Ev'n yet that rich, ripe, rapturous kiss,
That balmy breath and nectar'd bliss,
Feast of the Gods! I seem to sip!
Love's honied draughts can never cloy:
But, ah! in storms of passion tost,
Now, now, my madd'ning soul is lost,
Drunk with the mighty joy!

AN DETER SYMPATHIA?

APP.

JAM Voti reus infausti de Marte redibat
JEPHTHA, procul dulces emicuere Lares.
Non litui sonus auditur, nec classica spirant,
Corde dolens mutas Dux præit ipse manus.
Ecce egressa foras venientem Nata salutat!
Terruit aversum vox bene nota patrem,
Filia! tene mori! vocem primo abstulit angor,
Vota miser feci non revocanda Deo.
At Virgo; pietas cui pectora confirmavit,
Immota aspiciens retulit ore patrem.
O Pater, o belli sævis defuncte periclis
Jeptha, vel in nostro funere victor, Ave!
Debita solve Deo, me, me in tua vota paratam,
Filia non dubito pro Genitore mori.

AN CORRUPTIO SIT REBUS NATURALIS.

APP.

Has moles murorum, has O, Palmyra! columnas
Gens magna et fortes incoluere viri.
Te dominam, tremuere urbes, te cærula ponti.
Eöiq; tibi dona tulere Duces.
Jam non ulla tuas hominum vox personat arces,
Vastà, urbe in medià, strage Ruina sedet.
Sæpe etiam, nullo ventorum turbine pulsa,
Immani subitò saxa fragore ruunt.
Circum infinitus se pandit campus arenæ,
Sibilat ambusto Dipsas anhela solo.
In domibus sævi stabulant impunè Leones,
Informes apri, noctivagæq; Tigres.
Obscænæ strident per putrida fana volucres,
Et Stygius circum Bubo cubile struit.
Humana instabili versantur cardine fata:
En, Roma in Gothicum quanta caduca rogum!
Invida det Fortuna diem, quo mens pia flebit
Heu! mersam exïtio te, Rhedycina, pari.

ABERRAVI.

Ut Te conspiciam, dulcissima Jessy, Puella;
Et dicam " Vivas fida, memorq; mei,"
Implicitamq; premam gremio; jubeamq; valere
Ritu, quem docuit, nos miserata Venus.

" E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."
GRAY'S ELEGY.

Occidit mea chara Pancharilla!
Occidit mea lux, meumque sidus,
Sub vere interiens brevis Juventæ.
Et nunc per vacuas domos silentum
Comes pallidulis vagatur umbris.
Sed charam sequar:—arboresq; ut imâ
Sub tellure suos agunt amores
Et radicibus implicantur imis,
Sic nos consociabimur sepulti,
Et vivis erimus beatiores.

FROM

MILTON's EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

CTORA cui credam? Quis me lenire docebit
ordaces curas? Quis longam fallere noctem
ılcibus alloquiis, grato dum sibilat igni
olle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus Auster
iscet cuncta foris et desuper intonat ulmo!

TRANSLATION.

O WHERE may I expect relief?
What faithful breast will sooth my grief?
Whom may I, undisguised, show
The secret source of every woe?
Whose easy converse will remove,
By tales of Poetry and Love,
Of wintry skies the gloomy power,
And laugh away the evening hour!
While, around the blazing hearth,
Crackling the nut inspireth mirth;
And at the fire the roasting pear
Hissing dissipates each care:
But without an angry cloud,
Borne by the sweeping winds aloud,
Thunders with unrelenting stroke
Upon my friendly sheltering oak.

ANACREONTIC.

Are the white Hours for ever fled
That us'd to mark the cheerful day?
And every killing Pleasure dead
That led th' enraptur'd soul away?
Too fast the rosy-footed train,
The blest, delicious moments pass'd;
Pleasure must now give way to Pain,
And Grief succeeds to Joy at last.

O, Daughters of eternal Jove!
Return with the returning year:
Bring Pleasure back again and Love!
With heavenly smiles again appear!
O bring my H——y to my sight!
What happy Hour will then be by?
And while I'm dying with delight,
Her soul shall speak thro' either eye.
Let sacred Friendship too attend;
The man whose soul is most like mine,
Bring B——, my ever dearest Friend,
And fill the bowl with rosy wine:
We'll grasp the minutes as they pass,
Unconscious of all future woes;
Mirth, Love and Joy shall crown each glass,
And cast our sorrows to our foes.

Let every white and happy hour
  Which Fate has to my life decreed
With rosy wings its blessings show'r,
  And each in order still succeed:
But when the short-liv'd smiling store
  No longer can my bliss engage,
Cut off the useless thousands more
  And add them to some coward's age!

CATULLIANUM.

Ante hac plurima de salute questus,
Qui zonæ nimium gulæq; parcus
Jamdudum miserâ cibum ex patellâ
Solus sumere sordidum solebat;
Nunc cedit stomacho voraciori,
Sorbetq; intrepidè dapes inemptas.
O vilissime tu salus Luperci
Quam non vult emere assibus duobus!

AD FELEM.

Adsis, ingenio miti, pulcherrima Felis,
Adsis, vestitu versicolore nitens!
Nulla tuos mores formamve animalia vincunt,
Quotquot mansuetos incoluere Lares.
Adsis, seu lepido confingas prælia lusu,
Seu somno jaceas semisepulta brevi,

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

THE WORLD.

Intended as an Apology for not writing a Prize-Poem, by a LADY *at* BATH-EASTON.

WIDE habitation of the Sons of Men,
Wherein the seeds of vice and virtue lie
Mix'd, like the undigested elements
Ere Chaos lost his kingdom; where blind Chance
With Passion holds divided anarchy;
O! who may rightly scan thee or describe!
Subject ill-suited to a Virgin's Muse,
That cannot praise, and is to blame untaught!
Wherefore from this unprofitable theme
She turns, leaving unsung its arguments;
Save that with careless hand her lute she strikes
Lightly; nor hoping that the myrtle wreath
Shall crown her unpremeditated lay.

SONNET II.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Ye Gales that gently fan the smiling sky,
And, stealing from the flowers their odorous dews,
With wiles of wanton blandishment diffuse
The gather'd shower of fragrance as ye fly!

Ye verdant Vales, and Streams that murmur by!
Fit haunts, which amorous Sorrow well might chuse;
Who bade your conscious Echoes to my Muse
Each whisper'd hope and faulter'd fear reply?

Those conscious Echoes I no more to tales
Of woe shall wake, since o'er my manlier mind
Firm Reason holds again her calm controul:
Yet tho', no more to lonely Grief resign'd,
I wander here to weep; not less my soul
This cool, this murmur loves, these verdant vales.

SONNET III.

TO

Mr. WARTON,

On reading his History of ENGLISH POETRY.

'Tis not for Muse like mine in rude essay
To paint the beauties of thy classic page,
Which ay deserve far other patronage
Than the small meed sincere she fain would pay
Of verse, grave eulogy, or distich gay;
For that thou deign'st inform this sapient age
Whate'er was whilom told by tuneful sage,
Or harp'd in hall or bow'r on solemn day:
But more for that thy skill the Minstrel throng
Forbids in cold Oblivion's arms to lie;
Dear long-lost Masters of the British Song
They shall requite thee better far than I;
And, other climes and other shades among,
Weave Thee a laureate wreath that ne'er shall die.

SONNET IV.

ON THE

AUTHOR's BIRTH-DAY.

Now from the Orient o'er the laughing Earth
The Sun obliquely darts his ruddy ray;
And mild, in cloudless glory, leads the day
That first auspicious dawn'd upon my birth.

Yet not with songs of joy and festal mirth
Can I this rising day salute like they
Who, while they turn their actions to survey,
With every added year see added worth.

Me, as my noon of manhood hastens on,
Fierce and more fierce the heats of Passion burn:
In vain is Reason's fleeting shade o'ercast.—
Soon the cool salutary shade is flown,
And soon, forth-bursting bright, the heats return,
To the chill eve of Westering Age to last.

SONNET V.

to

LAURA.

helter'd in thy native forest green,
re o'er thy lovely head each peaceful day
silent night glide undisturb'd away,
ery Shepherd hails thee Rural Queen:
it thou, my Laura, of that youth unseen
now, illum'd by Fancy's sacred ray,
hy bright airy form presents his lay,
the space that Absence thrusts between?—
tant as fair I know thee, charming Maid!
hen these Strains! and O, where'er reclin'd,
aisied fountain or by quivering shade,
hem as sports to cheat the hours design'd,
to thy faithful arms again convey'd,
each rapture pure and joy refin'd.

SONNET VI.

THE

RETURN OF *LAURA.*

As when to one who long hath watch'd, the morn
Advancing slow forewarns th' approach of day,
(What time the young and flow'ry kirtled May
Decks the green hedge and dewy grass unshorn
With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn),
And now the sun comes forth with level ray
Gilding the high wood top and mountain grey,
And as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn:
The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
Th' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem;
Such is the sight of Thee; thy wish'd return
To eyes like mine that long have wak'd to mourn,
That long have watch'd for light and wept in vain.

SONNET VII.

TO

VALCLUSA.

What tho', Valclusa, the fond Bard be fled
That woo'd his Fair in thy sequester'd bowers,
Long lov'd her living, long bemoan'd her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers!
What tho' no more he teach thy shades to mourn,
The hapless chances that to Love belong;
As erst when, drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charm'd wild Echo with his plaintive song!
Yet still, enamour'd of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
Still undecay'd the Fairy Garlands bloom,
Still heavenly Incense fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

SONNET VIII.

IMITATION FROM

FAUSTINA MARATTI.

Too beauteous Rival, whose enticing charms
Once to my Heart's sole Darling seem'd so fair,
That oft he praises still thy ivory arms,
Thy ruby lips, blue eyes, and auburn hair;
Say, when he heard thy tongue's seducing strain,
Stood he e'er silent, or with scorn replied?
Or turn'd with alter'd brow of cold disdain
From thy soft smiles, as now from mine, aside?
Once, once too well I know he held thee dear;
And then, when captive to thy sovereign will—
But why that look abash'd, that starting tear,
Those conscious blushes, which my fears fulfil?—
Speak, answer, speak!—Nay, answer not; forbear;
If thou must answer, that he loves thee still,

SONNET IX.

ON

DOVER CLIFFS.

On these white cliffs that calm above the flood
Uplift their shadowing heads, and at their feet
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
And while th' ascending murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow, of the friends he lov'd most dear—
Of social scenes from which he wept to part:
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—
The World his Country and his God his Guide.

SONNET X.

TO AN OAK

Blown down by the Wind.

THOU who, unmov'd, hast heard the whirlwind chide
Full many a winter round thy craggy bed;
And, like an earth-born giant, hast outspread
Thy hundred arms and heaven's own bolts defied,
Now liest along thy native mountain's side
Uptorn;—yet deem not that I come to shed
The idle drops of pity o'er thy head,
Or basely to insult thy blasted pride:—
No—still 'tis thine, tho' fall'n, imperial Oak!
To teach this lesson to the wise and brave,
That 'tis much better, overthrown and broke
In Freedom's cause, to sink into the grave
Than, in submission to a tyrant's yoke,
Like the vile reed, to bow and be a slave.

SONNET XI.

MORNING.

RINGS the shrill peal of dawn gay Chanticleer,
Thrice warning that the day-star climbs on high
And pales his beam as Phœbus' car draws nigh,
Now, ere the lawns or distant cribs appear,
Or ere the crows from wattled sheep-cote veer
Their early flight, or wakeful herdsman's eye
Discerns the smoky hamlet, let me ply
My daily task, to guide the labouring steer,
Plant the low shrub, remove th' unsightly mound,
Or nurse the flower, or tend the humming swarms;
Thus ever with the Morn may I be found,
Far from the hunter-band's discordant yell:
So in my breast content and health shall dwell,
And conscious bliss, and love of Nature's charms!

SONNET XII.

TO

BOCCACCIO.

Not for thy Gothic trumpet's martial rage,
Not for thy Latian bays, nor that 'twas thine
The Tuscan's rugged period to refine,
Nor yet, Boccaccio, that thy faithful page
Reflects the genuine manners of thy age;
Nor that, enliven'd at thy sprightlier ſtyle,
Pale Sorrow's victims smooth the brow and smile;
For nought of work like this, immortal Sage,
Haste I to twine this garland round thy tomb:
But that I oft have heard Nastagio's fears
At his dread vision, oft have wept the doom
Of fair Ghismonda sunk in early years,
I crown thee with this chaplet's simple bloom;
The Bard sublime of Terror and of Tears.

SONNET XIII.

INSANIENTIS DUM SAPIENTIÆ.

Too long, alas! thro' Life's tempestuous tide,
Heedless of Heav'n, my giddy course I steer'd,
Link'd with the scoffing crew, nor ought rever'd
Great Nature's God: such erring dreams belied
My fancy, swol'n with unsubstantial pride;
While, uglier far than have been feign'd or fear'd,
Ten thousand phantoms to my sight appear'd,
And drew me darkling far from Truth aside:
But vigorous now, with eagle-ken restor'd,
By nobler means aiming at nobler ends,
To the mild bosom of its saving Lord,
Elate with ardent hope, my soul ascends;
While o'er the dreadful gulph, yet unexplor'd,
Religion's golden sun its evening-beam extends.

SONNET XIV.

TO

AN INFANT.

DEAR Babe, whose meaning by fond looks exprest,
Thy only little eloquence, might move
The sternest soul to tenderness and love,
While thus, nor taught by age to fawn, nor drest
In Treachery's mask, nor Falsehood's glittering vest,
Thou sweetly smilest: at the pleasing sight,
Wretch as I am, unwonted to delight,
A transient gleam of gladness cheers my breast:
Yet soon again bursts forth th' unbidden tear,
And inly bleeds my heart, while I divine
What chilling blasts may nip thy riper year,
What blackening storms may cloud thy life's decline;
What for myself I feel, for thee I fear:
Nay! God forbid my woes should e'er be thine!

SONNET XV.

RETIREMENT.

HIGH meed of honourable toil, fair Fame,
The guide and guardian of the noble mind,
Still round the warrior's dusty temples bind
The laureat wreath, and light the lambent flame!

If Letter'd Merit call, attend the Sage,
The boast of Science and the friend of Truth:
Feed the warm fancy of Poetic youth,
And write their names in thine immortal page.

Welcome Obscurity to me!—I love
The sober solemn shade and moss-grown cell,
Where hush'd is every care, and pain beguil'd
O! may I tenant long thy hallow'd grove,
Sooth the fond foolish heart that lov'd too well,
And sing Corinna's scorn in accents wild.

SONNET XVI.

ON

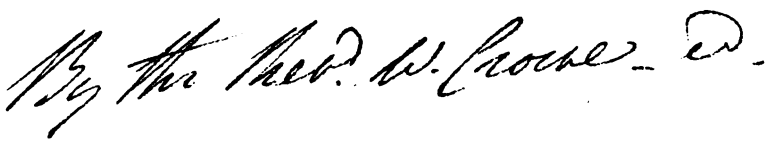
A WET SUMMER.

All ye who, far from town, in rural hall,
Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
Enjoying all the sunny day did yield,
With me the change lament, in irksome thrall
By rains incessant held; for now no call
From early swain invites my hand to wield
The scythe; in parlour dim I sit conceal'd,
Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
Shelter no more.—Mute is the mournful plain;
Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
Counting the frequent drop from reeded eaves.

SONNET XVII.

On a REVOLUTION *in the* OPINIONS *and* CONDUCT *of a* FRIEND; *whose Notions were supposed to be a little too free; and who was also supposed to have an Amour with a Lady who sung elegantly.*

SWEET Babe, regenerate of heavenly grace,
And wash'd in that baptismal font, from whence
Distil the tears of holy penitence,
That cleanse the soiled heart from spot and trace
Of lust-engender'd sin; long may thy face,
Shining thro' such celestial dew, dispense
Its saintly beams, and healing influence,
To cheer and lighten our benighted race!
But chiefly that fall'n damsel, held so dear,
Whilst the lewd sceptre of the flesh bore sway;
O! teach her eye, wanton no more, to throw
On Heav'n alone, or thee, a chaster ray;
Chang'd its moist lustre for the briny tear,
And her love-kindling songs for cries of woe.



INSCRIPTIONS

AND

EPITAPHS.

SONNET XVIII.

ON THE DEATH OF

THOMAS WARTON.

SAY, shall the Muse o'er the fall'n hero's bier
  Th' eternal monument of glory raise,
  Swell the loud pæan of harmonious praise,
And high Ambition's banner'd trophies rear,
While silent flows the tributary tear
  Which to her favourite Son the sorrowing pays,
  Unstrung her useless lyre and mute her lays?
But hark! a strain divine now strikes mine ear:
  The sacred Bard his independent fame
Shall from his own immortal verse receive.
  Soon dies the Warrior's and the Statesman's name
His aid if no recording Poet give:
  But wreaths of endless bloom shall WARTON claim,
While Wit, while Learning, and while Fancy live.

INSCRIPTIONS

AND

EPITAPHS.

Mænibus at procul a nostris Morbi ite nefandi!
Luridaque Autumni filia Febris, abi.
Quin huc pulchra veni, Catherinæ [a] in vertice nata
Et semper nostros ritè beato Salus!

ON THE SAME.

FAREWELL, dear youth, whom Wykeham's wide-spread name,
Far from thy native [b] isle, to Albion brought,
Warm'd with the love of science, to the walls
Whence Chiefs and Bards and holy Priests have sprung
Of ancient wisdom; for relentless Death
Hath swept thee to the grave! but as I tread
The solemn isle by the dim taper's gleam,
A sudden voice thus strikes my wand'ring ear:
"Weep not for me, to Heav'n's high mansions snatch'd
"From earth's low trifles, from life's pains and woes:
"I conquer Death, and triumph o'er the grave."

[a] Mons Collegio vicinus, ubi ad Dies Festos Pubes Wiccamica se lusu indulgent.

[b] Guernsey.

Inscribed beneath the Picture of an

ASS.

ek animal, whose simple mien,
kes th' insulting eye of Spleen
ock the melancholy trait
tience in thy front display'd,
y Great Author fitly so pourtray'd,
aracter the sorrows of thy fate.
, Heir of misery, what to thee
!—A long, long gloomy stage
the sad vale of labour and of pain!
easure hath thine youth, no rest thine age,
n the vasty round of this Terrene
nd to set thee free,
)eath, perhaps too late,
: dark ev'ning of thy chearless day,
take thee, fainting on thy way,
the rude storm of unresisted hate.
: dares th' erroneous crowd to mark
Folly this despised race,
ngovernable Pack, who bark
impious howlings in Heav'n's awful face,
r on their impatient head
tion's bitter show'r is shed.
t 'tis the weakness of thy kind
ly to bear th' inevitable sway;
visdom of the human mind
murmur and obey.

By the Revd W. Crowe

E'en now methinks his anguish'd look I see,
As by the menials taunted from the door,
Fainting, he wander'd; then beneath the tree
Sunk down:—Sweet Heav'n! what pangs his boson tore,
When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no more,
He roll'd his dying eyes!—Ah, what compare
To this the lessons taught of sages hoar!—
By his mad revels, by the gilded snare,
By all thy hopes of joy, O Fortune's Child, "Beware!"

EPITAPH

ON AN OLD MAID IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

Good Friends, farewell; here end my cares,
And all my virgin hopes and fears;
Tho' I'm persuaded, had I tarried
Much longer here, I'd ne'er been married.
My manners, troth, were plain and downright,
Not the fine lady, nor the clown quite:—
Throughout my life, whate'er I cou'd,
I daily aim'd at doing good;
Kind office ne'er refus'd to neighbour;
A handy body at a labour;
At wedding-feasts I've bak'd and boil'd,
And ne'er one dish for malice spoil'd:

I milk'd the kine, I penn'd the fold;
Content, my richest mine of gold;
Cheerfulness clos'd the busy day:—
Themselves sure meed the Virtues pay.

At harvest-home I shone away,
Tho' but an indiff. Queen o' the May:
'Tis true my features were but coarse,
And yet, they would not fright a horse:
Some 've said, that I'd prefer a halter
E'er go with man unto the altar;
Ne'er but in this I gave denial—
Tho' I don't say that here I'd trial:
Proud Miss! suppose the worst, the most,
'Tis the fate of many a flaunting toast;
If ne'er a sorry fellow ask'd me:—
Haply, for you they ne'er had pass'd me.
And still I've left good fame behind me,
So see that no reproach you find me.

ON THE SAME.

If unaffected manners, plain good sense,
Kindness of heart and true benevolence
United, ever grac'd a matron's tomb;
Hither, ye antient Virgins, hither come!
Spleen, bigotry, ill-nature, left behind,
Form from this glass the features of your mind.

Sour'd by no disappointed hopes of youth
The wounds she could not heal she still would sooth:
In the hot pulse of youth when fevers rage,
Where penury chills the bed of palsied age,
Far as the village round her hamlets spread,
Far as her power her bounty round was shed
The cordial blessing of th' industrious poor,
A richer offering to the Heav'ns she bore,
Than regal pomp or mitred pride e'er gave
Or at the font, the altar, or the grave.

Know then, and prove this sacred truth! to Bless
Is present, and is future Happiness.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW,

Under some scandalous Reflections on several Ladies.

Behold, ye Fair, on every pane
To rhyme where puny witlings try,
Some lady's reputation slain,
Which there, as in its grave, does lie.

Be cautious then to whom ye trust,
Nor credit every Fop's pretence;
But yield, as soon or late ye must,
To youths of secrecy and sense!

INSCRIPTION

ON A PANE OF GLASS.

WISE was the man, with emblematic hand,
Who first on this transparent plate of sand
The name of Woman, Nature's fairest Queen,
Display'd, engraven with the diamond keen.—
Well knew he that the Glass and Jewel join'd
Were truest emblems of her Face and Mind.—
In lovely Woman (for from Woman flows
The chief, the truest blessing life bestows)
A thousand charms, a thousand faults, unite;
As frail as Glass, tho' as the Diamond bright.

EPITAPH

OF AN INJURED LOVER.

The Soul is supposed to address the dead Corpse.

ENVIED and happy is your peaceful state,
Ye ashes of my once tumultuous flame!
Here reach no injuries that end in hate;
No pangs of slighted love, nor conscious shame.

Rage is not to conviction here oppos'd,
(Ill bear we proofs of guiltiness of mind!)
Here Jealousy's wild, jaundic'd eye is clos'd;
The Cave of Death is silent, cold and blind.

INSCRIPTIO URNÆ.

Ah Maria!
Puellarum elegantissima!
Ah, Flore venustatis abrepta. Vale!
Eheu,
Quanto minus est
Cum reliquis versari
Quam Tui meminisse!

W. SHENSTONE.

TRANSLATION.

With every Virtue, every Charm, in bloom,
Swept, how untimely! to the ruthless tomb,
Maria, gentlest Fair, adieu!
Caress'd by every other Maid,
Alas! how coldly is repaid
The wish that dwells on you.

T C.

EPITAPH ON A YOUTH.

Here Virtue lies—refrain the pious tear!
He meets that judgement which he cannot fear.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

HOSANNA! to the Prince of Peace,
That clothed himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of Death,
And tore the bars away!

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS.

THIS once was flint, but soon it takes
Th' impression that the diamond makes:
What sighs, what tears, what truth, what art,
Can write on Myra's flinty heart?

INSCRIPTION
FOR THE TOMB OF
Mrs. ELIZABETH PIDGEON,
Who died suddenly.

WEEP, Reader, the sad tidings here announc'd!
Death, that fell Kite, on Betty Pidgeon pounc'd:
Yet, tho' her sudden flight our grief demands,
Her's is the Pidgeon-house not made with hands;
For in her life the Serpent's wisdom shone,
And the Dove's innocency was her own.
Then, till Heav'n wakes to happiness thy soul,
Rest, gentle Pidgeon, in this Pidgeon-hole.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE PEDESTAL OF A STATUE OF

PRINCE FIELD-MARSHAL

SOUWAROFF RIMNISKI ITALISKI.

THIS was a Warrior of renown,
A Hero, bred and born TO KILL;[a]
Who scrupled not to shed *his own*,[b]
When he lack'd other blood to spill.

[a] ——He was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made;
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which THEY ALL were bred.

[b] In his march to the attack of Ockzakow, he proceeded with such rapidity at the head of his advanced guard, that his men began to murmur at the fatigues which they endured. The Marshal, apprised of this circumstance, after a long day's march, drew his men up in a hollow square, and addressing them said, "that his legs had that day discovered some symptoms of mutiny, as they refused to second the impulses of his mind, which urged him forward to the attack of the enemy's fortress." He then ordered his boots to be taken off, and some of the drummers to advance with their cats, and flog his legs, which ceremony was continued till they bled very considerably. He put on his boots again very coolly, expressing his hope that his legs would in future better know how to discharge their duty. His army afterwards marched on without a murmur.

And often would he turn his arms
On those within his bosom bred, [c]
And quell by fire the *mighty swarms*
That with his life-blood he had fed.

His person, cover'd o'er with glory,
In truth was little clean or nice;
And 'tis a question in his story,
Whether he kill'd more men [d] or lice.

[c] Souwaroff affectoit beaucoup de simplicité et de rudesse. On le voyoit quelquefois ôter sa chemise au milieu des Cosaques et le fair chauffer, en disant que c'etoit *pour tuer ses poux.*
Vie de Catharine II. tome second, p. 373.

[d] Potemkin envoye à Souwaroff l'ordre de prendre Ismail dans trois jours. Souwaroff se prépare. Le troisième jour il assemble ses soldats et leur dit: " Mes enfants! *point de quartier!* Les provisions sont cheres."—Aussitôt il donne l'assaut. Les Russes sont repousses deux foix avec beaucoup de perte: mais, enfin, ils escaladent les remparts, penetrent dans la ville, et passent tout au fil de l'épée. *Quinze mille* Russes et *trente cinq mille* Turcs payèrent de leur vie les sanglans lauriers de Souwaroff. Tome 2, p. 374.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SONG

TO A LADY

Who seemed to trifle with the Author's Passion.

CALL me not false: by Heav'n's decree
Before thy haughty charms I bow'd:
But Heav'n foresaw thy cruelty;
And, from thy scorn to set me free,
A more enlarged love bestow'd.

On me thy Smiles no longer shine;
To Delia I again remove:—
What! should I in despair sit down
Beneath the darkness of thy Frown,
Until the rising of thy Love!

Still to thy Beauty let me sue:
While thou art kind I'm thine alone:
But think not that I'll vainly woo;
The heart that's large enough for two
Will never, never break for One.

SONG,

ON A KISS.

HUMID seal of soft affections!
Tenderest pledge of future bliss!
Dearest tie of young connexions!
Love's first snow-drop, Virgin Kiss!
Speaking silence! dumb confession!
Passion's birth and infant play!
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day!
Sorrowing joy! Adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join!
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling, so sincere as thine?
Thee the fond youth, untaught and simple,
Nor on the naked breast can find,
Nor yet within the cheek's small dimple!
Sole offspring Thou of lips conjoin'd!
Then haste thee to thy dewy mansion;
With Hebe spend thy laughing day!
Dwell in her rubied lip's expansion!
Bask in her eye's propitious ray!

SONG.

THE REFLECTION.

O TELL me no more of the fir-shaded hill
Where Contentment securely might grow;
Nor mention the murmuring sound of the rill
Which bubbles so sweetly below!

The grove's smiling verdure no longer can please,
Tho' so gay and enchantingly fair;
Nor Reason talk down a fond bosom to ease
That is tortur'd with Love and Despair.

A wound which the hand or the head may endure
A relief from the lancet can find:
But say what physician can e'er hope to cure
A latent disease of the mind?

In vain all the force and extent of his art
The medical blockhead applies;
For Beauty will ever reign over the Heart,
Till Nature deprive us of eyes.

SONG.

Beauty, the painful Mother's pray'r,
The Lover's theme, the Virgin's care,
Fair virtue, ease and elegance,
A gentle mind and polish'd sense
Cleora owns; and yet is free
From each affected vanity.

But tho' thus lovelily you shine,
Cleora, you're but half divine;
For fiends can beauty imitate,
And yet are fiends, because they hate;
But, would you Love to Beauty join,
Cleora, you were all divine.

SONG.

In vain, my lovely frozen dame,
The pow'rs of verse you bid me try;
While you with coldness check the flame
That should the sprightly thought supply.

Love, Love's the only genuine fire
Can raise and quicken what we say:
The mercury still rises higher,
As sovereign Beauty warms the day.

But from a brain that Scorn has chill'd
Such feeble wit can only rise
As, like the fire that damp grounds yield
By night, but faintly gleams, and dies.

Thus whilst your slave's desires you starve,
You to your own, fair Maid, say "Nay;"
For you must love without reserve,
To make me able to obey.

SONG.

Artless words of unfeign'd passion
With harmonious numbers join'd,
Soothly try your soft persuasion
On Eliza's gentle mind!

For her ear alone intended,
Other censure nought regard:
If by her you are commended,
'Tis enough for your reward.

But why thus you seek to move her,
Strive not further to explain!
If her heart will not discover,
You or I should tell in vain.

SONG.

MUTUAL LOVE.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of Husband and of Wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss:—
The tender look, the melting kiss
Ev'n years have not destroy'd;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That Love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish? 'tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish? 'tis all for me:
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come),
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest;
And is there ought disturbs my Fair?
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it in my breast.

SONG.

To thy cliffs, rocky SEATON, adieu!
And adieu to the roar of thy seas!
And adieu to the Girl, whose insensible heart
Is as hard and as sullen as these!
Forget the fond echoes you heard!
Forget my fond hope and my strain!
My strain is neglected and dead is my hope:—
But you never shall hear me complain—
To your cliffs, rocky Seaton, adieu!

By the Revd W. Crow

SONG,

TO A LADY,

Who observed that almost all Songs were alike.

ELIZA, you say that all Songs are the same,
And turn on the subject of Love:
That they paint but the brightness or strength of a Flame,
The softness or faith of a Dove.

Is it strange that a Regent who governs our lives
And is ever our blessing or curse,
In stories of prose to be uppermost strives,
Or thrusts himself forward in verse?

To the free in a court, or the slave in a cell,
This flattering vision remains:
Tho' in palaces Cupid is happy to dwell,
Yet he visits the wretched in chains.

If gallant and gay, in the reign he refin'd,
Great Villars with Shrewsbury toy'd:
Poor Mary of Scotland, in durance confin'd,
The love of her Bothwell enjoy'd.

Thro' every toil of Ulysses, his bride
Was a hope that surviv'd to the last:
When to baffle the force of a Cyclop he tried,
Or rode thro' the waves on a mast.

Then say not, Eliza, the passion can tire,
Or too oft with its shadow we play;
For you its reality live to inspire,
And waken each amorous lay.

The man who in love is forbidden to write,
And must heavier studies pursue,
Should never, Eliza, come into your sight,
Or venture to listen to you.

CARMEN BELLICUM,

VEL

HUNGARICI MILITIS IMAGO.

Impune bacchari, prædari,
Et sanguine tingere se;
Ad latus hostile grassari,
Et ferro defendere se:
Ovare dum signa in acie stant,
Gaudere dum classica sonitum dant,
Hoc Martis tripudium est;
Hic spiritus militis est.

En! Martis acinaces splendent,
Boatum en! tympana dant;
En! bellica classica frendent,
Phalanges en! ferreæ stant:
Hâc facie qui non in aciem it,
Is fungus, is lapis, is fœmina sit:
Hoc Martis, &c.

Pro patriâ vitam qui ponit,
Pro rege qui sanguinem dat;
Pro fide extremaque subit;
Ad mortem qui ferreus stat;
Pro aris et focis qui victima fit
Is Deo, is Superis proximus sit.
Hoc Martis, &c.

SONG.

I've roam'd thro' many a weary round,
I've wander'd east and west;
Pleasure in ev'ry clime I've found,
But sought in vain for rest.

While Glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that one's too wide,
And think the home which love endears
Worth all the world beside.

SONG.

Give me, Charlotte, e'er we part,
Some dear token of your heart:
Look on me, and let me spy,
In the language of your eye,
Gentle pardon of my Love,
Smiling grace, that may remove
Fear, and doubt, and dull despair:—
Smile; and I will fancy there
Soft compassion of my flame,
Love, that comes in Friendship's name;
Leave to hope for future bliss:—
Weep, and I am sure of this!

To HOPE.

AH, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow!
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say,
"Be calm—thine ills will end to-morrow."

To-morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm, disease or grief relieving!
And am I ever doom'd to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving?

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not with thee part,
Since I, alas! with Thee must perish.

THE PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

A SONG,

Written in the Hard Frost of the Year ——.

DEATH or the Devil, or both together,
Came out this last hard winter weather;
Took L———— in their journey,
And carried off a Welch Attorney:

Chorus. Ah! cruel Death; ah! Devil more cruel;
To carry Harpax off for fuel.

But some folks in their sleeves may laugh,
Since Harpalus has lost his half:
And reason too they should be glad,
Perhaps he'll be but half as bad.

Chorus. Since cruel Death, or Devil more cruel,
Has carried Harpax off for fuel.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Part of this Song is taken from one in a printed Collection. The finishing couplets of the fourth and fifth Stanzas, and the three entire remaining Stanzas, are original.

You know that our antient philosophers hold
There is nothing in equipage, honours, or gold;
That bliss in *Externals* we seldom can find,
And, in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy I never can doubt:
'Tis something *within* him, 'tis nothing without.
This something, they said, was the source of content;
But whatever they call'd it, 'twas WINE that they meant.

Upon their own principles I could have shown 'em
That the juice of the grape is the true *Summum Bonum;*
Without us, I grant ye, 'tis not worth a pin,
But, ye Gods, how divine when we get it *within!*

The wealthy are poor, and the haughty repine,
If, with gold and with grandeur, you give them no wine:
But plenty of wine to the beggar afford,
Only make him as drunk—he's as great as a Lord.

While the bottle is wanting the soul is depress'd,
And Beauty can kindle no flame in the breast;
But the toper for ev'ry encounter is ready,
And Joan, when you're drunk, is as good as my Lady.

He surely can boast little brains of his own
Who attempts to find out the Philosopher's Stone:
To turn lead into gold is an idle design;
So I'll be content to turn gold into wine.

Your Heroes, in story who make such a figure,
Were indebted to wine for their conduct and vigour;
Hence Persia was won by the Macedon Boy:
Sure the Greeks too drank Sack,[a] or they ne'er had sack'd Troy.

Wine, wine for my bev'rage to take I determine;
Give water to Poets and such kind of vermin;
Then broach the decanter and let the wine cóme free,
And he that don't like it let him dine with Duke Humphrey.

Derry down.

[a] Valour comes of Sherris, so that skill in the Weapon is nothing without Sack, for that sets it a-work.

SHAKESP. II. Henry IV.

A NEW BALLAD
OF
DEATH AND THE LADY.

'Twas eve: the labours of the toilet ceas'd;
And blooming Isabel sat proudly dress'd:
By her stood Betty, much less fine and fair;
But she had her own colour, clothes, and hair.

When lo! a Stranger enter'd: in he bounc'd
Abrupt, unintroduc'd and unannounc'd:
And without bow or preface, as became
A courteous person, thus address'd the dame.

" Fair Lady, lay your costly robes aside—"
Ah! 'tis Death, Madam, frighten'd Betty cried:
I know him by his blind-man song; but he
Comes to your Ladyship, and not to me.

Alarm'd she heard; for well his name she knew,
And sadly fear'd that Betty told her true:
But strait with wily speeches thus she tried
To baffle Death, and thus the fiend replied.

LADY.

Sir, you have made a small mistake I fear;
At least you first will send a Doctor here;
For sure your interest with them must be large:
Pray ar'n't you well acquainted with Sir George?

DEATH.

By chance we meet, we ne'er were intimate;
But he and I have quarrell'd much of late:
He practis'd, I know where, to keep me out:
Still I have friends i' th' Faculty no doubt.

LADY.

They should have introduc'd you: can I go
So suddenly, and with a stranger too?
Excuse me, Sir; but if you'll take my Maid—
The man is civil, Betty, don't be 'fraid.

DEATH.

To your face I speak it, if I came to woo,
I'd rather take your waiting-maid than you:
That's not my business: come without delay:
I've twenty visits still to make to-day.

LADY.

Whate'er your hurry be, Sir, please to wait:
Why sure no dun is more importunate:
Then, for a stranger, your request is bold;
I cannot stir abroad—I've got a cold.

DEATH.

Ne'er mind your cold, this jaunt will carry 't off;
It always cures the cold, sore throat and cough:
I soon shall lodge you where you'll feel no more on't,
But lie and sleep most quietly, I warrant.

LADY.

You're jesting! what, without provision made,
To sleep at inns perhaps, in a strange bed?
I carry my own sheets—they must be air'd:
My night-cloaths too—You see I'm not prepar'd.

DEATH.

That's true, no question; but it matters not!
There's many a fool hath this excuse, God wot!
Small need of sheets or night-cloaths will you have,
Your Inn's the Church-yard, and your Bed's the Grave.

LADY.

Heav'ns, how you fright one! Can't I be allow'd
A little, little while to make a shroud?
And then the Grave—I cannot think of it:
'Twill take a month to make one warm and fit.

DEATH.

For shrouds, some of the trade, I understand,
Will sell them ready-made or second-hand:
And graves are sooner dug than you may think;
You'll be in one to-morrow, if you stink.

LADY.

Stink, Mr. Death, I stink! that never yet
In all my life knew what it was to sweat?
Stink, you foul carrion! don't you smell perfume
In every corner of my dressing-room?

DEATH.

Faith, Madam[a], he that said it was no fool:
At best you're like the — of your —— ——;
Made of the same materials, aye, and hold
Within you the same trash: now huff and scold.

LADY.

Ah, Sir, we all are vile! but 'tis inhuman
To set your wit to a defenceless woman.

[a] Dr. Rollestone, in his Dissertation on Places of Retirement.

Fetch the drops, Betty, or I lose my breath—
And bring a cordial too for Mr. Death.

DEATH.

Madam, spare both your waters; you will see
Cordials and tears are thrown away on me:
Death's not a man to be abus'd and bullied,
Nor with your tears and wheedling coax'd and fooled.

LADY.

Pity me, gentle Death, or if not me,
Pity my husband and my family:
My poor dear children else must fare the worse,
She at the boarding-school, and he at nurse.

DEATH.

Mother unnatural, and thriftless wife!
To live, yet loath the business of your life:
All you can do is breed, give suck, and teach;
Does not your husband think you are a [b] beech!

[b] "*A Beech.*"] It is pleasant to trace the progress of an Author's ideas, when it can be done with clearness and certainty. The Poet conceived that a woman, such as he is here delineating, must be a continual source of uneasiness to her husband: this he intended to express by calling her a *Thorn in his side*; but, as the rhime and measure admitted not this phrase, he was obliged to substitute "Beech" for Thorn, which it must be owned falls short of the original idea in propriety and force.

STEEVENS.

Beech.] By calling her a Beech I believe the Poet means that she is like that Tree, beautiful in appearance, but unprofitable, not bearing Fruit as the Apple-tree does.

MALONE.

LADY.

Alas! I strive and labour all I can,
My husband is a poor unthinking man:
I might have gone long since for ought he car'd,
Tho' he, poor creature! might be better spar'd.

DEATH.

I never heard so: well, if this be true,
Your children may be pitied, yet not you:
But let him know, 'twill surely come, the day
Of *his* account, how soon I will not say.

LADY.

Believe me, Death, he is a wretch indeed:
Could you spare me and take him now in stead?
Do so, dear Death; you must have pow'r to chuse,
And you sha'n't ask the thing that I'll refuse.

Beech.] Naturalists say that some sorts of Trees flourish outwardly, and make a fair shew, when they are rotten at heart: perhaps the Poet has heard, or knew of this property in the Beech.

TYRWHITT.

Beech.] The Transcriber of this Line was a blockhead, and the Commentators fools; the Author had nothing in his mind of Apple-trees, Beeches, or Thorns—but he thought that a woman so depraved as This is might be taken for what a plain man (even if, instead of breakfasting with Queen Bess's carnivorous Maids of Honour, he had, *with Me*, successfully cultivated the Humanities by eating pulse for thirty years,* and breathed in consequence the whole spirit of my benignity and meekness) would plainly call her: "a Bitch."

RITSON.

* See my Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food.

DEATH.

I take your meaning, and perhaps I may.—
Why, Madam, you look temptingly to-day;
No bloom of roses with this cheek can vie,
And then, I vow, you have a roguish eye.

LADY.

Dear Mr. Death, I hope you'll not be rude;
Pardon me, Sir, that I suspect you wou'd:
One may see clearly in your face and mien
The Man of Fashion, so genteel and thin.

DEATH.

My charming Jezabel! let me embrace;
Nay, don't be coy, and turn aside your face:
My dear, what, so offended! won't you speak,
When, I protest, I only touch'd your cheek?

LADY.

Ah! trait'rous Murderer!—What is this I feel?
My limbs are sinewless, my blood is chill:
A deadly torpor seizes every part;
And, oh! what sickness weighs me down at heart!

DEATH.

Accuse not Me: Riot hath hurt thee more,
And that bad heart was palsy-struck before:
Thou thing, like mine own coffers; painted skin,
And all-consuming rottenness within.

DEATH *again.*

Madam, adieu! my errand was but this,
To give you warning in a gentle kiss:
But since I know you hate to think on Me,
Tell what you wish:—perchance we may agree.

LADY.

Then, monster, thus: Avaunt, and quit the room!
Nor once return these fifty years to come.
Yet hear—I would not leave my husband last;
Come soon for him, and I'll forgive the past.

DEATH.

Are these your terms? My answer shall be plain;
I think I never will come here again.
What! to be scolded so, and coax'd and vex'd?
No, no; I'll send the Devil to you next.

WELL-A-DAY JACK!

OR,

THE JACK THAT JACK SPLIT.

A NEW BALLAD.

Muse, grant my request!
I some rhimes of the best
And fine-flowing numbers intreat
For my two-edged theme,
A Jack of the stream,
And a Jack of O——d-street.

This Jack of the wave he
Made Jacks cry Peccavi,
And gave to his comrades no quarter;
But, when Jack of the land
Once took him in hand,
Our fresh-water Jack caught a tartar.

And this Jack o' dry ground
Was a Lawyer profound,
And his head-piece, I'll lay what you dare on't,
With Indentures was lin'd,
But no brains you would find
Tho' you look'd for 'em with a search-warrant.

Jack's Client, for lack
Of cash, sent him a Jack,
And averr'd 'twas the best he could get;
But no matter for that,
Had it been but a Sprat,
All were fish that came to Jack's net.

Then a question arose—
Of this Jack to dispose;
So Jack summon'd his council of state:
There was Jack, and Jack's wife,
And, with keen kitchen knife,
Waddled after Jack's cook-maid Kate.

Of these old women three—
Jack's Mate, Kate, and he,
Each held her opinion a good one:
But Jack, best of all, knew
That a Jack split in two
Would save him the charge of a pudding.

Since Jack, we must own,
Such sage conduct has shewn,
If prodigals call him a blockhead,
And a niggardly sot,
He values it not,
For Jack knows he's a pudding in pocket.

Of Jack Straw never vaunt,
Nor of old Jack of Gaunt,
Nor Jack Robinson's merits report;
I have troll'd for a Jack
That is worth the whole pack,
And I hope he has found you some sport.

Then sing—Hey derry down!
God save the King's Crown!
(For a Ballad should always have that in't:)
And, for splitting of Jacks,
Let this first of Law-quacks,
Jack Well-a-day, have the King's Patent!

CRICKET-SONG.

For the HAMBLEDON-CLUB, HANTS, 1767.

ATTEND all ye Muses, and join to rehearse
An old English Sport, never prais'd yet in verse!
'Tis CRICKET I sing, of illustrious fame,
No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old,
Some were swift in the race, some in battle were bold;
The brows of the victors with olive were crown'd,
Hark, they shout! and Olympia returns the glad sound!

What boasting of Castor and Pollux his brother,
The one fam'd for riding, for bruising the other!
Yet compar'd with our heroes they'll not shine at all,
What are Castor and Pollux to *Nyren* and *Small* !

Here's guarding, and catching, and throwing, and tossing,
And striking, and bowling, and running, and crossing;
Each mate must excel in some principal part,
The Pentathlon of Greece could not shew so much art.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white,
Fam'd Elis ne'er boasted so noble a sight;
Each Nymph looks askance at her favourite swain,
And views him half stripp'd both with pleasure and pain.

Now the wickets are pitch'd and they've measur'd the ground,
Strait they form a large ring, and stand gazing around;
Since Ajax fought Hector, in sight of all Troy;
Ne'er a contest was seen with such fear and such joy.

Ye Bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend:
On you the whole fate of the game must depend;
Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all your strength,
But measure each step, and be sure pitch your length!

Ye Strikers observe, when the foe shall draw nigh,
Mark the Bowler advancing—with vigilant eye;
Your success all depends upon distance and sight,
Stand firm to your Scratch, let your Bat be upright!

Ye Fieldsmen look sharp—lest your pains you beguile;
Move close, like an army, in rank and in file;
When the Ball is return'd back it sure, for I trow
Whole states have been ruin'd by one over-throw.

At length the game's o'er, Iö Victory rings!
Echo doubles her Chorus and Fame spreads her wings!
Let's now hail our champions, all steady and true:
Such as Homer ne'er sung of, and Pindar ne'er knew.

Buck, *Curry*, and *Hogsflesh*, and *Barber*, and *Bret*,
Whose swiftness in Bowling was ne'er equall'd yet;
I had almost forgot—they deserve a large bumper—
Little George, the long Stop, and *Tom Suter*, the Stumper.

:n why should we fear either Sackville or Mann,
repine at the loss of both [a] *Boyton* and *Lann*?
th such troops as these we'll be Lords of the Game,
:e of *Mincing*, and *Miller*, and *Lumpy*, and *Frame*.

:n fill up your glass!—He's the best who drinks most:
:e's the Hambledon Club!—Who refuses the toast?
us join in the praise of the Bat and the Wicket,
l sing in full Chorus the Patrons of Cricket.

en we've play'd our last Game, and our fate shall draw nigh,
the Heroes of Cricket, like others, must die),
Bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vext,
surrender our Wickets to those that come next.

by Rev. T. Lotton

A

BALLAD OF SIMILIES.

Life, like a Bubble, evaporates fast,
must take off your wine, if you wish it to last;
Bubble may soon be destroy'd with a puff,
is not kept floating in liquor enough.

[a] Mercenaries who had deserted the Club.

If Life's like a Flow'r, as grave moralists say,
'Tis a very good thing, understood the right way,
For, if Life is a Flow'r, ev'ry blockhead can tell,
If you'd have it look fresh, you must water it well.

That Life is a Journey no mortal disputes,
Then we'll liquor our brains, boys, instead of our boots,
And each toper shall own, on Life's road as he reels,
That a spur in the head is worth two on the heels.

If Life's like a Lamp, then, to make it shine brighter,
We'll assign to Madeira the post of Lamp-lighter,
We'll cherish the flame with Oporto so stout,
And drink Brandy-punch till we're fairly burnt out.

The World to a Theatre liken'd has been,
Where each one around bears his part in the scene;
If 'tis ours to be tipsey, 'tis matter of fact
That the more you all drink, boys, the better you'll act.

Life fleets like a Dream, like a vision appears,
Some laugh in their slumbers and others shed tears;
But of us, when we wake from our Dream, 'twill be said,
That the tears of the Tankard were all that we shed.

THE TRIOPTHALMIST,

OR

THREE-EYED CONNOISSEUR.

A BALLAD,

Inscribed to the sagacious Amateurs of the Old School.

Written on a perusal of that very edifying, liberal, disinterested, candid, classical and supereminently modest publication,

THE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

Of Mons. Desenfans: styling himself late Consul-General to the King of Poland in Great Britain,

Published in Feb. 1802.

Virtuosos astute, Cognoscenti profound,
Who are bankrupts in brains, but in money abound,
To Consul Desenfans all scamper in haste:
Desenfans, the Guide of the National Taste!

Desenfans[a], our Misses and Masters who taught
To distinguish a verb from a noun for a groat,
Condescends to instruct English Gentry and Quality
In the liberal arts, and teach Painters morality,

[a] The Consul General was formerly a Teacher of Languages.

French pronouns and articles others may teach,
He has Parts far transcending the eight parts of speech;
Since, in different *articles* dealing, he's got
To be Consul, and Critick, and Devil knows what.

Chef-d'œuvres of Art he has bought up by shoals,
At the *special request* of the King of the Poles:
But, since the King left 'em to rot on the shelf,
They'll be sold at the special request of himself.

So the Consul's found out (sure this Consul's a witch)
" Throw your money away, and you all must grow rich;
" Buy my wares, they are *better than titles and rank* [b],
" My old Pictures are *current* as *Notes* of the Bank."

If modern productions you name, he cries, " Tush—
" No painter that's living can handle a brush!
" With the works of the dead let your gall'ries be cramm'd,
" But while painters are quick, let 'em starve and be damn'd."

Picture-dealers, and vampers, and venders, wou'd drive
A rare trade if there was not one painter alive:
Then could none to our grand Connoisseur Desenfans
Give the lie, when he swears that his Geese are all Swans.

[b] See Descriptive Catalogue, part 2, p. 136.

"*Of Pictures,*" he tells you, "*good Judges* are few;
"Since to view them the multitude eyes have but *two.*"[c]
But two eyes, Good lack!—Why how many has he?
Connoisseurs, like Desenfans, are *gifted with three*.

He has one eye for censure to find a pretence,
He has one eye to wink at his own want of sense,
And one eye in reserve, which is worth t'other twain,
For that eye's never clos'd—'tis an eye to his gain.

But altho' we could boast all the eyes of old Argus,
Yet will Charon ere long in his wherry embark us:
To thy bar, Rhadamanthus, that ferryman hales
Connoisseurs with *three eyes* and Bashaws with three tails.

The good King of the Poles Fate has knock'd off the perch,
And the Consul his Majesty left in the lurch
Who knows but his summons may hang up full soon
A chef-d'œuvre to garnish old Pluto's saloon.

Then let silver-tongu'd *Christie* his pulpit ascend:
And if Consuls who pictures vamp, varnish and vend,
Were all knock'd on the head with a stroke of his hammer,
What a loss we should have of marr'd canvass and grammar.[d]

[c] The multitude are always beholding pictures with two eyes only, and the Connoisseur looks at them with three.
Desc. Cat. part 2, p. 179.

[d] Of the Consul's Grammatical knowledge take the following sample: "They (pictures) cease to be of the Masters whose "names they bear, in proportion to the more or less they have "been damaged and repainted." Ib. part 1, p. 70.

THE [a] CAPE HUNT,

A BALLAD,

In the Manner of CHEVY-CHACE.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
And the noble house of B—rt—e,
And give you patience while I sing
Of a jovial hunting party!

To drive the foxes from their holes
They ride with might and main;
And, when they've kill'd them, o'er their bowls
Thrice do they slay the slain.

Brave Peregrine [b], for sporting fam'd,
And fam'd for drinking eke,
Vow'd he would hunt the county thro'
Six days in ev'ry week.

Nor ditch so deep nor hedge so high
His purpose should prevent:
Then came these tidings speedily
Unto the Shrieve of Kent.

[a] So called from a distinguishing appendage to the Cape of their Coats.

[b] The Hon. Captain Peregrine B—tr—e.

(His prowess in the chace did shine,
And he join'd with one accord
In toping too with Peregrine;
And his name was Johnny W—d,)

When as the Shrieve these tidings heard
Forthwith he did resort
To Yattendon[a], but ere he stirr'd
He drank three gills of port.

And with him scores of sportsmen stout,
All topers of great might,
Who many a flask had emptied out
Of red wine and of white.

True Sportsmen know not dread nor fear,
Each rides, when once the saddle in,
As if he had a neck to spare,
Just like the Swan in Lad-lane.

With wide-stretch'd throats the hounds pursue,
With shouts the huntsmen cheer 'em,
The Welkin rings, and he may rue
That has two ears to hear 'em.

"What stays John W—d," quoth Peregrine,
"Erst wont to lead our van?
"Should he this Hunting-match decline,
"I have mistook my man:

[a] The residence of Captain B—rt—e.

" For, tho' he wields the Sheriff's wand,
" He never cares a rush
" Who tends the Courts and long-rob'd band,
" Shew him the Fox's Brush!"

When thus the Whipper-in bespake
His anxious Lord; " I trow
" The Sheriff comes thro' yonder brake,
" For I hear his tally-ho.

" With Kentish men on either side,
" Bold blades, in buck-skin breech'd;
" Look there, Sir, you may see 'em ride
As if they were bewitch'd!"

Eftsoons, ere he had told his tale,
The Sheriff's voice they hear:
" Where's Peregrine, whom Jockies hail
" *Full Brother* to a ♀ Peer?"

" Welcome, brave W—d!—Lo, here am I!"
The gallant B—rt—e cried;
" Keep pace with us an if thou canst
" While we a-hunting ride!"

[c] A dependant Brother of the Turf is known to have addressed a letter to him thus:

To his Honour
P. B—rt—e, Esq.
Full Brother to the Earl of Abingdon.

"Beshrew my soul," the Shrieve rejoin'd,
And gave his steed the rein,
"Who rides a race with me, behind
"For ever shall remain."

A Black-coat then the Shrieve address'd:
(Such Black-coat there is scarce one)
"I'll put Thee, Sheriff, to the test,
"Tho' but an Oxford Parson.

"For I with thee will ride and race,
"Or any in the land,
"And ever swallow glass for glass,
"While I can sit or stand."

They urg'd their hacknies on amain
With spurs of Woodstock steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
Bedew'd each sportsman's heel.

His loss of leather bitterly
Shall rue full many a man
Till he to Rumford ride, to be
New-bottom'd spick and span.

For in the West the Sun was set
Ere they the chace gave o'er:
Then did they all their whistles wet
With brandy-punch galore.

When tidings to Lord Ab—ngd—n
Were wrote, with pen and ink,
That Peregrine at Yattendon
Was overcome with drink,

His Lordship strumm'd his fiddle-string,
And he sung with merry glee
Huzza! of Fiddlers I'm the King,
The King of Fuddlers he!

Long live all Sheriffs like the W—ds,
To execute the Foxes,
And send us store of fiddling Lords!—
Amen!—replied our Doxies.

And eke God save our noble King,
And the noble house of B—rt—e!
And we'll drink, hunt, fiddle, dance and sing,
And a fig for Bonaparte!

MOCK-HEROICAL AND BURLESQUE

PIECES,

PARODIES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

THE

CONQUEST OF QUEBEC,

A MOCK-HEROIC.

Cedit Homero
Propter mille annos. Juv.

O Muse, the Conquest of Canadia tell—
here General Wolfe and General Montcalm fell!
tell how many gallant warriors died—
climbing up that rugged mountain's side,
e they their post on Abraham's heights could gain!
nd tell—how many of the French were slain!
he French on top resistance had prepar'd,
nd block'd the passage with—a Captain's Guard:
ndauntedly the English forc'd the trench,
ndauntedly—and slow retir'd the French:
Victors on the mountain's top we stood,
e bought our passage, and the price was Blood.

There to the silent moon the British hosts
le gleam'd, and dreadful as the midnight ghosts:
en form'd the General his van and rear—
re the dragoon, and there the grenadier—
ld them how Johnson, and how Amherst, fought,
d gave each man a quartern of gin hot.

One single cannon in the front they bore,
One;—for the British army had no more:
Thus were the regiments rank'd in firm array,
And stood in order by the break of day.

Dark to the view a distant thicket rose,
Under the gloomy covert of whose boughs
Some ambuscade our prudent Leader fear'd,
Perhaps an Indian chief—or Indian bird;
Each bush, each leafy brake, he boldly swore,
His Aid-du-camp should carefully explore.
When lo! the standards of the French appear,
Streaming like meteors to the troubled air:
Regiments on regiment to the plain they bring,
Aloof grim Horror beats his iron wing.

Last, from a delve in flank, two Chiefs advance;
Potent allies of the Monarque of France:
One Atacullaculla, fam'd in war,
By Britons nam'd, the Little Carpenter;
T'other, of giant port and tawny hue,
Was call'd the Raven King of Toogaloo;
On his rough brow Deliberation sate,
And each slow word he spake seem'd fix'd as Fate[a].

"Stern warrior, Atacullaculla brave,
Whose sword can conquer, and whose arm can save

[a] A phrase in a letter of Norborne Berkeley, Lord Botteto much ridiculed about that time.

y, 'mid the battle's fury shall we rush—
· sit conceal'd behind this shady bush?
ere we might fight, secure of dire alarms,
hy should we run then into Danger's arms?
t think not, mighty chief, I mean to fly,
augh at danger—for I can but die;—
ıt never be that brutal bravery mine
› offer Prudence up at Valour's shrine;
ıll well I know my country claims my life;—
› do my little children and my wife."

The Chief no longer could his wrath resist,
ıt clench'd the brawny terrors of his fist:
Degen'rate Prince," he cried, " speak thus again
ıis arm shall stretch thee breathless on the plain.
:mpt me not, coward, in my strength to rise,
›ught will avail thee thy disdainful eyes,
ıy limbs in thunder cloth'd and more than mortal size.
Gods! how idle doth appear your art,
huge a case for such a little heart!
hy doth the oker stain thy bosom red,
hy nods the sable plumage o'er thy head?
hy, 'midst thy bold companions, dost thou boast
ith loudest yell to animate the host?
hy do the hoary scalps adorn thy wall,
equent as fox-heads round the hunter's hall?
thou dost tremble to behold the foe,
› send the poison'd arrow from the bow,
ith red right-hand the tomahawk to wield,
scalp the warriors gasping in the field?

Go, formidable giant, rouse thy might
To rage in forests, and with beasts to fight;
Go try thy prowess on the fearful hare;
Thou durst not combat in the walks of war.
Fly, prudent coward, save that worthless life,
Fly to thy little children and thy wife;
That wife shall groan beneath her husband's shame,
Those children blush to hear their father's name."

" Imperious Chief," the Raven King replied,
" I scorn thy menace as I hate thy pride.
'Tis not thine arm, with nervous valour strung,
No, nor the thunder of thy braver tongue,
Can shake the firm resolve that I pursue;
Here will I stand and fight—and so shall you.
Yet, Atacullaculla, wisely hear
The voice of Reason whisper in thine ear.
Say, should the fury of the whistling lead
From thy broad shoulders strike thy painted head,
What would it boot thee that, with ceaseless yell,
Thy friends shall howl around thy narrow cell;
Shall idly lay the wampum by thy side,
And ask, in solemn sadness, " Why you died?"
Is Fame thy passion? Fame is idle breath;—
For who can hear the praises of his death?
Say, if thou knowest, on what dreary coast
Shall stalk thy silent, melancholy ghost?
Thou dost not fondly trust what priests recount
Of a new world behind yon cloud-topt mount,

Where our forefathers still their sports pursue,
Urge the swift chace and guide the light canoe!
Nature and Reason cry, they judge amiss;
Yon mountain's other side must be like this."

He scarce had ended parley, when on high
A musquet bullet sung along the sky;
O'er Atacullaculla's head it flew,
And smote the Raven King of Toogaloo;
Deep in his forehead sunk the fatal ball:
See the dire chance of being made too tall!
The giant prone, o'er fourscore inches spread,
Fell, and lay number'd with the mighty dead:
His fate unmov'd his bold compeer beheld,
Rush'd dreadful to the fight, and loudly yell'd.

Then, then began a direful bloody battle,
Swords clash, drums beat, men shout, and cannons rattle.
To arms! to arms! see where the enemy sits!
Advance, present, fire; fix your bayonets!
How soon is quench'd the sun's immortal light!
Each army stands conceal'd from t'other's sight.
In sulphury clouds of all-involving smoke,
And darkness is around them as a cloke.
Behold, the murderous Fiends of Hell rejoice
At the dread thunder of the cannon's voice!
The trumpet's clang, the soldiers' piercing cries,
Rock the firm earth, and rend the echoing skies.
Charge! charge! the broken Gallic squadrons run,
Nor dare to face the sulphur-belching gun:

They fly, they fly, in wild disorder fly—
Huzza! the day's our own! St. George and Victory!

But, e'er I rein the Muse's furious force,
Soft let her weep o'er Wolfe's still bleeding corse,
In manhood's prime, alas! the Hero falls:
Who could withstand three whizzing musquet balls?
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless lead
Pierc'd his brave breast—and made your Hero bleed?
He long had boasted your peculiar care;
But ye were daunted at the din of war,
And trembling fled beneath your oozy caves,
Beneath old Lawrence' flood, and Montmorenci's waves!
For Thee the hardy Veteran wept, for Thee
Check'd the strong course of Joy for Victory.

'Twas Fate (and who almighty Fate shall blame)
Took from his Life—and added to his Fame.
Unconquer'd he resign'd his glorious breath,
And Victory sooth'd him in the arms of Death.
Ill-fated Chief! his mighty valour gave
A Realm to Britain—to himself a Grave.
No more!—his fame Envy nor Time shall waste—
Tho' on his precious limbs the worms must feast.
Fresh shall his memory live to latest times,
Fresh and immortal as the Muse's Rhimes.

By the Revd W. Crowe

ON THE

NEW GIBBET ON HOUNSLOW HEATH.

In former times, whene'er in chains
Judges hung rogues up, like Jack Hains,
Whose Gibbets, Hounslow-heath adorning,
To their old fellow-rogues gave warning,
'Twas thought the Gibbets did their duty
If they stood near enough to shew t' ye
Their tenants in a distant ken,
Far from the highway path of men.
So distant stood they, no offence
Was giv'n to any other sense.
But K——, or some Judge as wise,
Not satisfied to strike our eyes,
Now sets his gibbet at our noses;
And, forasmuch as he supposes
That folks may turn their heads or wink,
He makes examples by the stink.

True to herself if Britain prove,
What foreign Foe has She to dread?
Her sacred laws, her Sovereign's love,
Her virtuous pride, by Freedom bred,
Secure at once domestic ease,
And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.
Did Rome e'er court a tyrant's smiles
Till Faction wrought the civil Frame's decay?
Did Greece submit to Philip's wiles
Till her own faithless sons prepar'd his way?

True to herself if Britain prove,
The warring World will league in vain:
Her sacred laws, her Sovereign's love,
Her empire, boundless as the main,
Will guard at once domestic ease,
And awe th' aspiring Nations into Peace.

True to themselves if Pigs would prove,
Safe might they range from ground to ground;
We're sure of Farmer Quickset's love,
And he'll secure us from the pound.
God grant us plenty, health, and ease,
And change the neighbouring turnips into pease!
When have we fled before the hunt
Of boys and yelping puppies in the rear?
Who hath e'er felt the mastiff at his ear
But for some faithless Pig that saw them near,
And would not warn us in a grunt?

True to themselves if Pigs would prove,
There's ne'er a Dog in all the Parish
Against a Pig would dare to move;
And then in every field we'd rove
As free as in the common Marish.
God grant us plenty, health, and ease,
And change the neighbouring turnips into pease!

OLD WYSCHARD.

Volumes of historic lore
Read, and you'll find that heretofore
Flourish'd a brood of *Strapping Dogs*,
To whom this present race of men are frogs.
Ajax a rock in 's arms could take
And hurl it at your pericrane,
Which half a dozen folks of modern make,
With force combin'd, would strive to lift in vain.

By gallant Guy of Warwick slain
Was Colbrand, that gigantic Dane;
Nor could this desp'rate champion daunt
A Dun Cow bigger than an elephant:
But he, to prove his courage sterling,
His whyniard in her blood imbrued;
He cut from her enormous side a sirloin,
And in his porridge-pot her brisket stew'd:
Then butcher'd a wild Boar and ate him barbecu'd.

When Pantagruel ate salt Pork
Six waiting-jacks were set at work
To shovel mustard into's chops.—
These you'll allow were men of mould,
And made on purpose for an age of gold;
But we, their progeny, are mere milk-sops:

They drank whole tuns at a sup to wet their throttles,
  we're a race of starv'lings—I'll be shot else—
Rotten with the rincings of the bottles.

'Twas so the sage Monboddo wrote:
  And many a learned clod of note
You'll see come forward and advance
  Positions every whit as wise:
  And that they tell their friends no lies
I'll shew you by collateral circumstance.

There liv'd—tho' that is somewhat wide
  O' the purpose—I should say, There died
A squire, and WYSCHARD was his name;
  Pictish and Saxon ancestry
  Illustrated his pedigree,
And many a noble imp of fame:
  Yet these renowned ancestors,
  As if they had been vulgar sons of whores,
Were long, long since by all the world forgot
Save by himself: he knew the very spot
Where they had each been coffin'd up to rot;
  And in his will directions gave exact
'mongst those venerable dads to have his carcase pack'd.

Now deep the Sexton burrows to explore
  The sepulchre that these old worthies hid;
Something at last that seem'd an huge barn-door,
  But was no other than a coffin-lid,
Oppos'd his efforts; long it spread, and wide,
And near the upper end a crevice he espied.

Thence on his ear strange uncouth utterance broke,
As of some sullen slumb'rer half awoke,
Who, yawning, mutter'd inarticulate
And angry sounds: yet could not this abate
The courage of the clown: "Speak out!" quoth he—
"Raw head and bloody bones ne'er yet affrighted me."

A thund'ring voice replies, "What miscreant knave
"Dares break the sabbath of old Wyschard's grave?"
"No miscreant knave, worm-eaten sir, am I,
"But Hodge the sexton:—Knave! I scorn the word:
"I at my honest calling work, for why?
"Your Kinsman's just brought down to be interr'd."

"My kinsman's to be buried here?—Oh, ho!
"What year of our Lord is't, fellow, let me know."—
"'Tis eighteen hundred, sir, and two."—
"Ay, Goodman Sexton, say you so?
"Then Time on me a march hath stole;
"'Twas near sev'n hundred years ago
"That I became the tenant of this hole:
"Men like myself behind I left but few;
"Since then the world, I wot, is fangled all anew!

"Tell me, in sooth, are other folks like thee?
"For, by thy voice, thou seem'st a tiny elf."
"Tiny!" quoth Hodge: "Zooks, I am six feet three!
"There's no man in the hundred but myself
"Can say as much—thy name-sake that is dead,
"I'll warrant him, was shorter by the head."—

"Thy words lack proof: I prithee, honest friend,
"Thrust thro' this chink thy little finger's end!
"Whence I may know if thou the truth dost state,
"And judge, by sample small, of thy dimensions great."

Thought Hodge—"Altho' I little fear the dead,
"Fool-hardy mortals perils strange environ:"
His finger then withheld he, but, instead
Thrust in his pick-axe nozzle, sheath'd with iron:
And he was in the right,
For, at a single bite,
Old Wyschard snapt it off clean as a whistle.—
"Hence, lying Varlet, bear
"Your pigmy corpse elsewhere,
"'Twould Wyschard's grave disgrace!
"I' the stoutest of your race
"There's no more substance than a BIT OF GRISTLE."

ODE,

In the Manner of SAMUEL J—NS—N.

Addressed to a Girl in the Temple, 1777.

WHILE the calescent, sanguine flood,
By vile Vulgarity call'd Blood,
Pervades this mortal frame;
Amaz'd at your translucid charms,
You I solicit to these arms,
Tho' of procacious name!

When in your dim nocturnal rounds,
Erratic from the Temple's bounds
Thro' devious lanes you stray;
With friendly auscultation deign
To audit amatorial pain
Subvected in this lay.

Satellite of the Paphian dame,
Whose rays, tho' darken'd by thy fame,
Illuminate my mind:
Desert the street, resume the plain,
Rejoin your derelicted swain—
Be prudent, as you're kind.

My brows, obumbrated with age,
Hang scowling o'er life's latter-page—
But you, like Lunar beam,
Thro' my nimbosity arise;
Dispensing, from your lucid eyes,
Refocillating gleam.

RONDEAU.

By TWO BLACK EYES my heart was won:
Sure never wretch was more undone.
To Cælia with my suit I came;
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
By TWO BLACK EYES.

ANOTHER ODE
TO
STELLA.

WHILOM arthritic tyranny consign'd
My gout-invaded limbs to beds of pain,
Me doctors in polluted air confin'd,
Beneath the downward Season's iron reign.

By the Moon's lambent light no more I stray'd;
No more soft woes of wanton love confest:
No more met wandering Pleasure in the shade,
Nor play'd on smiling Nature's naked breast.

But, come now, Stella, to the conscious shades!
Come, while usurping Darkness shares the day!
While Beauty shines, and listening Rapture leads,
Where twittering Progne pours the melting lay.

Tho' shivering in a blasted plain I dwell;
Tho' vigorous Rapture sadden to Despair;
Tho' flow'rs and fruits and flickering Phœbus fail—
Thou'st lighted up a Constellation there.

O then in strife corporeal let me taste
The soft concatenation of Delight;
And, sinking on the down of Stella's breast,
In murmurs bid the waking world good-night.

EPIGRAM,

To the Landlord of the ORKNEY ARMS, *at* MAIDENHEAD, *near* BRAY.

Written some Years ago.

I wonder, Friend MARCH, you, who live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar:
Tho' it might be an odd one, you cannot but say
It must needs be a sign of good liquor!

ANSWER.

Should I set up the sign of the Vicar, I doubt
My drift might be misunderstood:
Who'd believe that the Vicar would dangle without,
If within doors the liquor was good?

EPIGRAM,

On the Marriage of an Antient Maiden to a tall and athletic Clergyman.

BLEST, says the Sacred Text, are those
That on the Prop of Faith rely;
Sabina heard this truth, and chose
A PILLAR OF DIVINITY.

ODE

FOR WILLIAM PRESTON,

Author of an irregular Ode to the Moon, added to an Essay upon Lyric Poetry, and inserted in the 1st Volume of Philosophical Transactions, Dublin, 1787.

By strange effects "of Study's vauntive ken"[a]
One William Preston did espy
An untrod path of Poesy.
What then?
He got on Pegasus, and mounted soon
"Up to the pleni-lunar Hand o' the Moon,"
To meet with Madness:—she
Peopled his verse with dire Variety:
Dæmons, Harpies, Ghosts by myriads,
All and some,
See they come,
With Tritons, Screech-owls, Wolves and Nereids,
Leaving their "fretted Vaults of sculptur'd Foam."—
Now, wherefore dost thou call?
Go, says he, go, tell Mason how I show'd
Another way to make an Ode
That's all

[a] The expressions marked with inverted commas are borrowed from the Ode.

EPIGRAM,

To Him who put on the Hatchment

" IN CŒLO QUIES."

" IN CŒLO QUIES!"—very well.
But is the Old Man there, can'st tell?
'Tis modest tho'—In Cœlo quies:
You'll give me leave to guess how nigh he is.
Why did'st not write " Qui es in Cœlo,
If thou wast sure he's not gone bélow?

+ another on the same

BY A YOUNG LADY,

With a Present of a Pair of Garters to an Old Gentleman.

EXCUSE your humble servant Rosey,
She knits, but cannot make a Poesy.

ANSWER.

As a Knitter thou art, my dear Girl, knit the Knot
That will last Thee for life; and good luck be thy lot!
May thy Choice not sit tight, nor too slack let him be,
But bind easy and soft, as thy Garters bind me.
'Tis true that my Verse both runs rough and comes hard,
Tho' the Subject invite e'en a crippled Old Bard:
Your wit and your work I admire, my dear Rosey,
Excuse me then Verse, I'll excuse you your Posey,
And will love you and thank you in plain honest Prosey.

"In cœlo quies," well you write,
If you to Heav'n are gone;
~~If not a different thing~~
If not, tis the reverse sure quite
"In cœlo qui es non,"

ELEGY

ON A FAVOURITE BANTUM,

Who *travelled more than three hundred miles; and* who, *soon after his arrival at* Churston[a], *in* Devonshire, *was drowned in a Cistern near Torbay.*

Written by John H———y, Esq.

1800.

Brave British seamen drop a tear,
Kindly bedew a stranger's bier:
A brother's sufferings pity claim,
And, like yourselves, I'm known to fame.

Like you, the morning watch I keep,
Unfurl my sails, and shake off sleep;
Eager, like you, I meet my foe,
And when I conquer, then I crow!

But ah! in chrystal flood, I trace
A rival, meet him face to face;
I stoopt to conquer—vain the strife,
By one false step depriv'd of life.

A sprightly Bantum once was I,
Entomb'd in this sweet grove I lie;
Moor'd head and stern by seamen brave,
Who found, like me, a watry grave.

[a] Seat of Sir F. Y—de B-ll-r, Bart. my Son-in-law.

PARODY,

Written on receiving a Copy of the foregoing Elegy, *sent in the Name of the learned Inditer.*

Poetic Bellmen, once a-year
Who gladly barter Verse for Beer,
Think what a Brother Bard endures
Whose Compositions rival yours!—

Unlucky Boys your carols mock,
And, when I sing my *Bantum*[a] Cock,
With squibs unlucky Critics pelt
Bantum no better sung than spelt.

Ah, spare my Elegiac strain,
I'll turn Biographer again,
And, at some learned Chief's expence,
Write Lives, the death of Common Sense!

For, erst great Mansfield's Life wrote I;
And, underneath each Christmas pye,
Pent in the baker's glowing cave,
My pages find a greasy grave.

Dead is my Prose, and damn'd my Verse:
So pack 'em with me in my hearse!
This Dirge on Cock-a-doodle-doo too
Besure dispatch with me to Pluto;

[a] So spelt by the erudite Author of the Original Elegy.

For, let me tell you, dev'lish stuff
May charm the Devil, like enough;
And, if perchance 'tis kindly taken,
From singeing save my rusty bacon.

For *Bantum*'s gone, and John must follow,
Tho' dubb'd thy Scrivener, Apollo!
So lightly Destiny regards
Both Bantum Cocks and Dunghill Bards.

ROBIN-A-BOBIN,

AN HYMENEAL ODE;

OR

Certain Astrological Notices respecting the Weather and Moon, for One Day in the Month of April.

By MERLIN and OLD ROBIN, Almanac-Makers.

WHEN common Loves the genial season feel
From the tall steeple pours the thundering peal,
Perhaps o'er Hymen's robe the careless Muse
From the path side some common flow'ret strews.

But when Love binds a matchless Pair,
Of qualities so rich and rare,
So good, so honey-sweet and true—
All Nature's train pay court to you.

With smiles and tears in either eye
The chilly Morn came waywardly:
So smil'd, I ween, the fearful Bride,
Yet, smiling, dropt some tears aside.

Hyperion, hasting down to bed,
Look'd bluff and full of lustyhed,
So marking, in his course above,
The vigorous Bridegroom's hasty love.

Now sweetly rise, ye cooling Gales!
For busy Venus tends the nuptial Bow'r;
And Night the peering Stars o'ervails,
To make the darkness of a Lover's Hour.

Sweetly the cooling Gales arise,
In breezes fresh and whisper'd sighs;
Repairing the love-labour'd Swain
With vigour for his toil again.

But, O, fair Luna, where art thou?
Shew, if thine emblematic brow
Has ought that cheers, or ought that warns?—
—Alas, alas! She comes with HORNS!

THE PEPPER-BOX.

On the Erection of a shabby Clock-house on the Roof of the spacious and venerable Cathedral of WINCHESTER.

'Tis said, in some unchristian saw,
That Time, with most voracious maw,
Could all things swallow and devour,
From a poor pitchfork to a tower.
Thus many a learned antiquary
Finds Him a safe repositary,
Whence in due season bringing forth
Things long conceal'd of tenfold worth.

Beneath old Venta's antient hall,
Where that fam'd Table decks the wall
At which sat Arthur and his Knights
To celebrate promiscuous rites,
To hold stern council for the state,
Or, like our modern knights, to eat;
Lo! there th' unconscious labourer's spade
Did good King Arthur's hoard invade,
And, by a thousand ruthless knocks,
Produc'd to light a PEPPER-BOX;
Not such as serves our pigmy age,
'Twas big as any parrot's cage,
Or might have been enlarg'd with ease
To hold an infant swarm of bees;

Or, with a little skill in vamping,
Might serve to place a chamber-lamp in!
For Arthur's Knights were hard and rough,
And made all over pepper-proof.
Soon as this treasure-trove was known
The Chapter claim'd it as their own,
Proving, by old records new found,
The Hall was built on hallow'd ground;
And, since that "Tempus null' occurrit
"Ecclesiæ," it should make a Turret.
And now behold, Oh grievous grief!
The Box that season'd Arthur's Beef
Leaves its companions in the lurch,
And adds a Cypher to the Church!
Restor'd from dark Oblivion's bed,
Bedawb'd with white, and capp'd with lead,
Expos'd to laughter, stands on high,
That children for the Toy might cry;
And, least it should escape the sneer,
A tell-tale Clock cries, "Look, 'tis here."

'Tis but a type, ye scorners, know,
Of what shall come to pass below,
Where, from another sort of Box,
Pastors shall pepper off their flocks:
Evincing, vivâ voce, thence
That Sound has right to govern Sense.

A
NEW-YEAR'S ODE,
1777.

Being a loose and distant Imitation of the Laureat's.

AGAIN imperial Winter's sway
Bids th' unwilling Muse obey:
I feel, I feel his icy hands;
Nathless I write, for he commands:
'Tis a vile task! Come, Dr. Boyce!
Bring Beard, Phil H—s and B-rn-y bring!
Bring all that have a violin or voice,
And join their pow'rs to fiddle and to sing!

First we heave a kindred Groan!
Sad Symphony to the sad Rhymes that follow:
Ah, Doctor, don't you wish 'twas done!
Or will your Music make them swallow
The ill-drest Fare of such a homely Verse!
Yet listening Peers, that stand around
To hear our Choir rehearse,
Know ye how hard it is to make an Ode?
Now, Doctor, let the Music sound!
But I'm asham'd, by ——.

Harmonious Children of the tuneful Voice,
Whose Notes shall now approach the Throne,
I pity your misfortune and my own!
Alas? we neither sing nor write by choice!
For tho' we toil, to grace the Day,
With charms of Music and of Rhyme;
Our Memory soon shall pass away
Nor leave a trace in future time
Of all that I have writ, or you have sung:
Tho' Verse and Air united stood
With many a skilful hand and many a warbling tongue;
Yet, ere the Sun shall reach the western main,
Or ere your Fiddles are unstrung,
The Song, the Band, the Poet and the Strain
Shall all, for aye, lye buried in Oblivion's Flood.

TIZZY;

OR

JUDICIOUS PRECAUTION.

Col'nel Patrick O'Blarney, as honest a Teague
As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,
Having got a French Snuff-box of papier machée,
Which to open requir'd much pains, do you see,
Always kept a bent Sixpence at hand in his pocket,
And call'd it his Key by the which to unlock it;
As, by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
He came at his Rappee, which was under it hid.
But one day, when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
He search'd for his Tester, but all to no end,
Till at last 'twixt the pocket and lining he found it!
When in rage he cried, "Arrah, the Devil confound it;
"I'll engage you don't serve me the same trick again,
"For to make me be after thus hunting in vain—"
So op'ning the lid by the help of the Tizzy,
And feaking his nose till his noddle grew dizzy,
He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd, with a shrugg,
While right went the rim down, "So there you lie snug!
"And, my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to remind ye,
"That the next time I want ye I'll know where to find ye."

ON THE FUNERAL OF MR. ELWES
in a Hearse and Six, followed by a Mourning Coach and Four.

WHAT, ELWES in a *Hearse* convey'd?
And *Six* brave Nags to draw *the Dead?*
'Tis ruin!—why 'tis more by *five*
Than e'er convey'd him when *alive.*
And look, what follows!—more and more
Profusion, in a *Coach and Four!*
Such waste of what thou liv'dst to save
Might break the quiet of thy Grave.
In what slow pomp the rogues advance,
Courting, as 'twere, Extravagance!
O! the vast charge of every night!
They revel, and set nothing by't:
But give, to have Thee lie in state,
More than thou e'er paidst there for meat.
What else? their dead and worthless load
They carry on the *Turnpike* road,
Paying—but they care nothing, They.
How many Gates there be to pay.
Plague on the Gates! how thick they are!
Five Pounds will soon be squander'd here.
Another, and another yet!
And *Half-a-crown* for every Gate.
Those Gates which thou didst always shun,
To save thy *Pence* from every one.
Alas! this needless cost is more
Than all th' extravagance before!
To stop such charge, at least, arise—
And shew them—where the *Bye-way* lies!

FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

WHEN FOOTE to GEORGE COLEMAN his patent had sold,
One morn he by chance up the Haymarket stroll'd,
Took a peep at his quondam Palæstrum, and there he
The new Manager found in a precious quandary.
" We're rehearsing," says George, " the Uphost'rer[a] to-day, Sir;
" And, of all your old troop, he who personates RAZOR
" (Who should gape till he sets in a roar all the House)
" Will not open a mouth fit to swallow a mouse:
" From morning to noon, and from ev'ning to dawn
" I've been at him, but, zounds! I can't make the dog yawn."
Sam look'd grave as a judge—"Cóly, give me your hand!
" I'm your friend.—You shall soon see his grinders expand:
" Go, read your *New Comedy*[b] to him, d'ye hear?
" And I'll bet you ten pounds that he'll yawn for a year."

[a] A Farce much in request, the humour of which is chiefly confined to the character of *Razor*, a gossipping Barber, who entertains the audience with gaping and grimace.

[b] *The Man of Business*, which Coleman had recently published.

ON

MRS. W———N,

Wearing a Diamond Crescent in her Hair in the Rooms at Bath.

CHASTE Dian's Crescent on her front display'd,
Behold the Wife proclaims herself a Maid!
Come fierce Taillárd, or fiercer Julius come,
On this fair subject urge the contest home.
Pluck honour from this emblematic Moon,
And solve the point that puzzles W———n.
This radiant emblem you may thence transpose,
And give the horned Crescent to the Spouse.

IMPROMPTU,

On being asked, "WHAT IS LOVE?"

LOVE's more than Language can express,
Or Thought can reach, tho' Thought is free;
'Tis only felt;—'tis what I feel,
And hope my Cynthia feels for me.

SAMPLE

Of the SUBLIME, LUMINOUS, *and* PROFOUND, *in* MODERN POETRY.

How I rejoic'd when the Sclavonian Bat
Popt from the Zenith in a slip-shod hat!
Then, while athwart my steed the ostler's haste
A Yorkshire pudding for a saddle plac'd,
On my pacific pair of boots I drew
That in the twilight of Gambadoes grew;
And ere yon squint-ey'd planet gave the hint
To pickle pancakes in Geneva print,
Or ere Tantides would his task forego
To crop rheumatic Sprouts[a] from Nestor's toe,
A Roman Coach drove o'er my logic nose,
And green Iniquity grew ripe in prose.—
'Twas then from Hypochondres' concave bounds
Up-flew this whirlwind of prophetic sounds:
" When Polyphemus shall a sempstress turn,
" And icicles like lighted flambeaux burn;
" When Broad Saint Giles's shall ascend the sky,
" And Grosv'nor-square be fill'd with apple-pye;
" When South-America shakes hands with Greece,
" When Castles in the Air are let on lease;

[a] Rheumatic Sprouts, alias "Corns."—Tantides, a Grecian Empiric and Corn-cutter in ordinary to the King of Pylos, whom Homer forgot to celebrate.

" When glow-worms' tails shall fire old Ocean's floods,
" When Rhadamanthus steeps his wig in suds;
" When Sir John Lade shall guide Apollo's Car,
" And Hamlet's Ghost get drunk with Doctor ——;
" When with red herrings teems the Grand Canal,
" When Neptune drives a gig along Pall-Mall,
" When the Sun's orb wants lustre, when the sky
" Wants stars, and Eldon wants Integrity;
" 'Mongst the budge [c] doctors of her rev'rend fold
" When wond'ring Lambeth sees Tom Paine enroll'd;
" When Billington shall warble heathen Greek,
" When Sheridan grows dull, and H——y meek;
" When pickled sturgeon from the stars shall drop,
" When Bonaparte keeps a chandler's shop;
" When Beaver broad humility denotes,
" When physic finds its way down Doctors' throats;
" When Epic Bays emblazon B——'s scull,
" When Mother Shipton shaves the Great Mogul;
" When Howard grows enamour'd of small-beer,
" And when Jack Ketch is made an Irish Peer;
" When sucking pigs shall sing in every grove,
" And Oysters fatten in a Rumford Stove;
" When Farthing Candles are for Toothpicks sold,
" And Gingerbread is worth its weight in Gold—
" *Men shall be honest, Women hold their peace,*
" *Sin shut up shop, and Cuckold-making cease.*"

[c] BUDGE, surly, stiff, formal. SAM JOHNSON.
BUDGE is Fur, antiently an ornament of the Scholastic habit. TOM WARTON.
For budge doctors read fudge doctors. JOE RITSON.
O fie! Joseph!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FRAGMENTS,

&c.

THE

BRITISH THEATRE.

A PRIZE-POEM AT BATH-EASTON.

WHEN first was rear'd the British Stage,
Rude was the scene and weak the lay;
The Bard explor'd the sacred Page,
And holy Mystery form'd his Play.

Th' affections of the Mortal Breast
In simple Moral next he sung,
Each Vice[a] in human shape he drest,
And to each Virtue[a] gave a Tongue.

Then 'gan the Comic Muse unfold
In coarser jests her homely art:
Of Gammar Gurton's loss she told,
And laugh'd at Hodge's awkward smart.

Come from thy wildly-winding stream,
First-born of Genius, SHAKESPEARE, come!
The listening World attends thy Theme,
And[b] bids each elder Bard be dumb.

[a] Personification of the Passions in the Moralities.

[b] No Plays of any note before Shakespeare.

For Thou, within the human Mind
  Fix'd, as on thy peculiar throne,
Sit'st as a Deity insbrin'd;
  And either Muse is all thine own!

Yet shall not Time's rough hand destroy
  The Scenes by learned Johnson writ:
Nor shall Oblivion e'er enjoy
  The charms of Fletcher's courtly wit:

And still in matchless Beauty live
  The Numbers of that Lyric Strain
Sung gayly to the Star of Eve
  By Comus and his jovial Train.

Here sunk the Stage:—and dire alarms
  The [c] Muse's voice did overwhelm;
For wounded Freedom call'd to arms,
  And Discord shook th' embattled Realm.

But Peace return'd; and with her came
  (Alas, how chang'd!) the tuneful Pair:
Thalia's Eye should blench with shame,
  And her sad Sister weep to hear

[c] Her "Needle" is the oldest English Comedy, the Distr of it arises from the loss of the Needle, which at last is dis vered in her man Hodge's Breeches.

How the mask'd [d] Fair, in Charles's reign,
  Her lewd and riotous Fancy led
To Killigrew's debauchful scene,
  While hapless Otway pin'd for Bread.

Thus the sweet Lark shall sing unheard,
  And Philomel sit silent by;
While every vile and chattering Bird
  Torments the grove with ribald Cry.

And see what flashy Bards presume
  With buskin'd Fools to rhyme and rage;
While Mason's idle Muse is dumb,
  And weary Garrick quits the Stage.

[d] The custom of that time, for fear of hearing Indecencies, wise too gross to be supported, Vid. The Parson's Wed-

FRAGMENT.

O for the thousand Flowers that erst did bloom
In that Sicilian Valley wild,
Where golden Ceres left her Child
Conceal'd from all the Sons of Jove;
So to elude th' inevitable doom
Of Fate, and stronger Love!
In vain.—The grisly Monarch of the Dead,
Stern Dis, uprears his gloomy head
Mid the black smoke and ruddy flames that wrap
Around old Ætna's smould'ring top;
There, as the wandering Nymph he view'd,
Awhile in blank amaze he stood,
Till Love to Fury rouz'd his blood.
He call'd his ebon Car and Steeds of fire:
They came, and with the headlong torrent's speed
Down to the lily-spangled mead
They bore their mighty Sire:
Swift in his arms the fainting maid he took,
Then drove impetuous on, while all Sicilia shook.

GRATULATORY LINES,

Written and left upon the Road for a COLLEGE FRIEND,
(Then about Thirty Years of Age),
Descriptive of a Morning in April on which he was married.

THE morning lowr'd—nor, ere broad day,
Sung the dull lark his matin lay:
The storm o'erpast, I ride along:—
She greets me with her rapturous song.

Health and fair Fortune aye betide
The Bridegroom and the gentle Bride!
What tho', of Heav'n's prime Blessing lorn,
Monkish, ungenial rise the morn,
Sullen in clouds! yet ere mid-day
Timely fair Nature's Choir shall sing:
And timely heard, around, above,
The Voice of Harmony and Love
Brighten the unshed blooms of Spring,
And gild the Evening Ray.

TO A LADY,

Who wished that some Complimentary Verses had includ MORE *of her Family.*

HAVE you ne'er seen a Country Lad,
Mounted upon a sturdy Pad,
With much good-nature and some pride
Call to the Boys to come and ride?
"Here's a brave Horse! Isn't he, Jack?
"I'll help Thee up upon his back;
"You get behind me; Tom before;
"Can't we make room for any more?
"Sit forward, Lads! now, Harry, jump,
"There's a good seat upon his Rump."
See, now the heavy Beast moves on,
He carries four as well as one;
It makes no diff'rence in his gait,
A lazy, flound'ring Cart-horse rate:
No whip or spur can make him gallop
If there's but One, or if they're all up.
Now, Madam, to apply, 'tis thus—
Your pad, the Poet's Pegasus,
Bears, in ten lines, your praises sweet—
Or flounders on, on fifty Feet.
Poor, hackney'd jade, with every bone
Worn bare, by often riding on;
Yet ne'er, I warrant, spar'd an inch,
He carries twenty at a pinch.
Your Sister only rides with you,
Because the Poet saw but Two;
But, had he seen your Aunts and Cousins,
He would have set 'em on by dozens.

IMPROMPTU.

A LADY'S ANSWER *to* A LITTLE UGLY ATHEIST,

Who, while he was adjusting his Cravat before a Looking-glass, endeavoured to persuade her that the World was made by Chance.

QUOTH Asmodeus, "The World was, I'm sure, made
by Chance;
"A Chaötical jumble, Atomical Dance."—
No wonder, indignant cries Jane, such a wretch,
A mere Caliban's spawn, a vile Grub, a Jack Ketch,
When he looks in a Mirror, should draw a conclusion
That a Figure like his was the work of Confusion!

FRAGMENT.

ON THE DEATH OF GRAY.

WELL was he skill'd in old Poetic Lore—
Not such alone as Greece or Latium sung—
He dar'd thro' Gothic Darkness to explore;
And strike the Lyre shat Runic Bards had strung.

Heard ye that sound!—Alas! who has not heard?
The magic Voice still vibrates in my ear,
What time great Odin's sable Form appear'd,
And Hela's Confines trembled at his Spear.

ON TWO PUBLICATIONS,

ENTITLED

EDITIONS OF TWO OF OUR POETS.

When Critic Science first was known,
Somewhere upon the Muse's ground
The PRUNING KNIFE OF WIT was thrown;
Not that which Aristarchus found:

That had a stout and longer blade;
Would at one stroke cut off a limb,
This knife was delicately made,
Not to dismember, but to trim.

With a short harmless edge a-top,
'Twas made like our prize-fighting swords,
Pages and Chapters 'twould not lop,
But cut off syllables and words.

Well did it wear; and might have worn
Full many an age, yet ne'er the worse;
Till Bentley's hand its edge did turn
On Milton's adamantine verse.

Warburton seiz'd the blunted Tool,
Scarce fit for Oyster-opening Drab:
For Critic use 'twas now too dull,
But tho' it would not cut, 'twould stab.

Then Shakespeare bled, with every friend
That lov'd the Bard:—he threaten'd further.
And God knows what had been the end,
Had not Tom Edwards cried out "Murder!"

Confounded at the fearful word,
Awhile he hid the felon steel;
Now gives it Mason, lends it H—;
Ah! see what Gray and Cowley feel!

FRAGMENT.

THE TEARS OF THE EAGLE,

On the Death of his Master, at —— College, Oxford, 1775.

How gloomily, behind yon Eastern Grove
From the dark Chambers of the Night, looks out
The purple eye of Morn! Ev'n so befits
Her rising suited to my woe! for mine,
That wont to court Hyperion's burning kiss
And drink the rich effulgence of his beam,
Is dim with Sorrow.

FELICITATION

To the PUBLIC *on the* RETURN *of* PEACE *and* PLENTY,

BY THE EXUBERANT Mr. TITUS TAGG,

Laureate and Improvisatore to the Poet's Corner of the —— Evening Post.

(The two first following Couplets were displayed on a Transparency at Mr. Tagg's Garret Window on the Night of the Illumination for signing the Preliminaries of Peace in 1801. The dimensions of the Window were too limited for the display of the Remainder.)

LET'S DRINK THEIR HEALTHS, BY WAY OF MOTTO,
" HERE'S TO LORD HAWKESBURY AND MONSIEUR OTTO!"

Since I approve the Peace in toto
May he that breaks it first be shot-o!
'Twill in his 'scutcheon make a blot-o:
'Tis Peace that makes us boil the Pot-o,
And cut up Sirloins piping-hot-o.
Now to Forestallers I cry, " What, ho!
" Your grain, whether you will or not-o,
" At length our markets must be brought to,
" And soon you'll not be worth a groat-o."
Their desp'rate cause must stink and rot-o
Against Old England's weal who plot-o;
Then, if they can't abide this spot-o,
Botany Bay, Sirs, let 'em trot to.

But let each man who knows what's what-o,
Each married dame, and each old Trott-o,
As yellow as an apricotto,
Who ne'er was ask'd to tye the knot-o,
Exult, from palace to the cot-o,
For we shall see rare times, I wot-o,
For which I shout and strain my throat-o;
And therefore take a dram I ought to
To lubricate my Epiglotto.—
Claret or Port, if I had got-o,
Vinous libations they should flow to
Lord Hawkesbury and Monsieur Otto:
But, tho' I soar in rhime and thought too,
I eat cow-heels and porter *poto*.
Given, diabolunculo * to,
From my aërial Grubstreet Grotto.

TO A LADY

Who desired some Specimens of the Author's Poetry.

Let not Eliza bid me now rehearse
Th' unvalued rhimes that long-forgotten lie;
For all unfit is my rude-fashion'd Verse
To meet the censure of her curious eye:
But for her sake a subject could I chuse
To draw down fame and envy on the Bard,
Thy lovely Self should be my theme and Muse,
And thy sweet smile, Eliza, my reward.

* *Diabolunculo*, Poeticè, Printer's Devil.

THE SCUTTLE FISH.

A CHARACTER.

CRITICS, who Nature's Depths explore,
Tell us she still in Pairs increases;
That each Sea-monster finds on shore
It's very Counterpart, like Leases.

There is a queer Fish and a cunning
Which, when his Adversary traps him,
Lets fly his Filth as he's a-running,
And in the nasty cloud escapes him.

By Stebbing, Wingfield, Sykes pursued,
With Scholar's learning, Critic's art,
Midst language vile and manners rude,
Not so escapes the Counterpart.

This Counterpart is call'd th' Ink-s— —,
In Latin, WARBURTONUS Noster:
Who, to avoid each Critic Writer,
Div'd in Fleet-ditch and rose in Glóster.

ANSWER TO AN OLD LADY OF OXFORD,

o sent to the Writer some Verses begging Mulberries.

To prove how much your Rhymes I prize,
O for a World of Mulberries!
Or of such sort, if not such store,
That you might eat 'em ten times o'er,
And every time a relish find
Like what your Verses leave behind!
Alas! in vain I wish to suit
With such *choice lines* such vulgar fruit!
Your Verses will not be forgotten
When all my Mulberries are rotten.
But since the Fruit will not remain
To shew my reverence of your strain,
A Box of that fam'd Tree I'll get,
Which Shakespeare's hallow'd hands did set.
With flowers and quaint devices cut:
In which a Patent shall be put,
Drawn up and sign'd by all who own
A right to drink at Helicon;
Wits, critics, poets of all classes,
The Corporation of Parnassus;
By virtue of which grant you'll be
Professoress of Poetry:—
Then, as your last and best reward,
At my request your favourite Bard
Shall dedicate a Seventh Sonnet*
To twine the Laurel round your Bonnet.

*Alluding to a Collection of Poems published at this time
xford, containing Six Sonnets.

ON A

THREAT TO DESTROY THE TREE AT WINCHESTER,

Round which the Scholars, on Breaking up, sing their celebrated Song, called "Dulce Domum."

FAIR forms by Guido's pencil sheen
Created have I often seen;
Bright Spirits who, in silver air,
Surround the Morning's burnish'd car;
The laughing Hours, the Graces trim
That light on saffron pinions skim;
Whose naked beauties to espy,
Thro' the thin robe of violet dye,
Doth charm the soul,—but brighter far
Is the effulgent Morning-Star
Of Beauty, beaming from the eye
Of the sweet Maiden, LIBERTY!
Then hail, fair Virgin, Liberty!
All around thy SACRED TREE
Yearly, when returning May
Thy green-sod decks with herbage gay,
Freshest spring-flow'rs will we strew,
And cowslips, dropping, bath'd with dew.—
But ruin seize the sordid Wight,
Unwholesome winds his corn shall blight,
Nor pearly showers in April pass
Gently o'er his springing grass,

Whoe'er he be, the churlish Brute,
Who against thy spreading root
His sacrilegious axe shall lift!—
His oaks the howling storm shall rift,
No plenty shall his meadows crown,
That suns shall scorch or tempests drown;
At tender lamb-time, unwithstood,
With gulphy torrent shall the flood
Down the whirlpool's foamy steep
His tottering helpless younglings sweep.
This be his fate, who 'gainst thy Tree
Shall lift his Axe, O LIBERTY!

FRAGMENT.

WHISTLING, in listless vacancy of thought,
To waste the dull hours of a tedious day,
Till Eve invites my solitary steps
To mark how, with the purple of his train,
Hyperion royally o'ercanopies
The green-rob'd Amphitrite.—While thievish Night
Steals from his closing eye the woods o' th' East.
And oft, when all the busy Town is hush'd,
I wander, in the midnight darkness cloak'd,
To seat me on the hillock of a grave
By some religious tow'r, whose high-plac'd clock
Keeps watch for Time, with momentary voice
The slow and sullen-paced steps of Night
Counting to Silence.

TO A BOY,

ROBBING A BIRD'S-NEST.

STAY, wanton Boy, thy savage arm,
Nor drag, unfeeling, from its nest
The chirping Young, and Egg yet warm,
Late by its feather'd Mother press'd.

How must that feather'd Mother grieve,
Returning from the clover field,
To view the blood wet every leaf,
Her young with tyrant fury kill'd!

Think that e'en now thy Mother's eye
O'er hill and dale doth studious run,
If haply she from far may spy
The coming of her darling son.

Then, if accustom'd to behold
Thy brow with smiles and beauty crown'd,
She sees Thee carried pale and cold,
Stabb'd thro' with many a ruffian wound,

Anguish her heart would inly wear,
Fear freeze, or boiling passion storm,
Or frantic Madness wildly tear;—
Think, Boy, of this, and stay thine arm!

ON

A LADY AND HER SISTER,

Who imposed this Trifle upon the Writer, on his having measured their Waists with a Tape, repeating, "Give me but what this Girdle bound."

WALLER, fond Bard, 'twas nobly done
The World to barter for the Zone,
The Mystic Cestus that embrac'd
Thy beauteous Sacharissa's waist;
And the bold rapture of thy Lyre
Deserv'd the dame that woke its fire.

But had thy love-devoted mind
Aspir'd to what this Tape confin'd,
The frantic Fancy could invent
No sacrifice equivalent:
By thine own estimate precise
The World had been but half the price.

Each Grace that Beauty can improve,
Each Elegance that fixes Love,
Gay Spirits mantling as they mount
From the chaste Heart's untroubled fount,
The lambent Wit that fears to wound,
And shoots innocuous glory round,
Friendship, that foils Time's cank'ring tooth,
Green with the buds of earliest Youth.

All thy fam'd Fair-One could possess
Twice did this narrow Orb compress.
Two H——'s clasp'd, a doubly blissful fate,
And each thy Sacharissa's Duplicate.

TO THE WRITER OF THE

"*Familiar Epistle to the Author of the History of English Poetry:*"—*the Name of the Writer of that Epistle being supposed to be Riston.*

WHOSE is that vixen, blue-skin Cur?
Plague on his snarling and his yelping!
Good People all, will no one stir
To whip the cursed little whelp in?

Then lift thy Leg up, honest [a] Tom!
Let's see him plentifully p— on!
Now—he runs sneaking, stinking home;—
There—take your Puppy, Master Riston!

[a] Thomas Warton, the Author of the History.

FRAGMENT,

The First Stanza of an Ode anticipated for the Birth-day

1786.

WHAT will the new Laureate say,
To celebrate this Holiday?-
Let us, my Muse, anticipate the strain!
For if the matter be as plain
As is the common church-yard way,
Trodden alike by all the Parish Throng,
(The merry Damsels that go trippingly,
And him so leaden-footed, the dull Swain,
Lounging and loitering lazily along),
Then can't we miss;—or if it be as high
As those aye-burning Gems that beautify
The Veil of Heav'n, We also claim
A kindred with the Sky,
And rightful entrance in the Courts of Jove,
To sit and listen what the Gods rehearse
Of Destiny and Chance, and things above
The course of earthly wisdom; thence to frame
A Tale divine in high immortal Verse.

THE PYTHAGOREAN.

Suggested by the perusal of a Pamphlet, entitled "An "Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food, considered as "a Moral Duty."

1802.

"ABSTAIN from Flesh?" Josephus cries—
"'Twill make you *candid, just,* and *wise.*"

Observe this Scholar of the first-rate
The Doctrine he propounds illustrate.
That *Candour* sits enthron'd his heart on
Bear witness [a] Percy! witness [b] Warton!

[a] Dr. Percy, the present worthy Bishop of Dromore, whom Josephus attacks with scurrility that would discredit a Carman; and, to gratify his pique against him, falsifies a quotation from his own work. See the British Critic for May, 1795; Article "Scottish Songs."

[b] Mr. Thomas Warton, the late erudite and respectable Historian of English Poetry, the marked object of our Essay-writer's malignant invective.

"The publication of the work (the History of English Poetry) raised him (Mr. Warton) up an antagonist in the anonymous writer of "Observations on the three first Volumes of the History of English Poetry, in a Familiar Letter to the Author." A writer, of whom it is no harsh judgment to pronounce, that the acuteness of his mind is greater than its elegance; and that,

The steady current of his *Justice*
One single instance proof I trust is
That no consideration checks:
He terms his Sovereign [c] "CARNIFEX!"

atever other obligations he may be under to his learning, he tainly is not indebted to it for any peculiar softness of man-. I would not willingly speak of any man otherwise than h temper; but I feel it incumbent on me to mention this ct, and impossible to mention it but with severity.

" From the unqualified and scurrilous language of abuse which s anonymous writer employs, I am at little pains to attempt defend the Historian, for they serve to reflect disgrace on him ne who can employ them." Warton's Works, by R. Mant, ol. I. pages 65, 66.

[c] "The Kings of England have from a remote period been voted to hunting, in which pursuit one of them, and the son another, lost his life. "James the First," according to Sca-er, "was merciful, except at the Chace, where he was cruel; is very angry when he could not catch the Stag: God, he id, is enraged against me, so it is that I shall have him: hen he had him he would put his arm all entire into the belly d entrails of the beast." *This Anecdote may be parallelled with following of One of his Successors:* "The Hunt on Tuesday last s stated in the General Advertiser, March 4, 1784) com-enced near Salthill, and afforded a chace of upwards of fifty iles: His Majesty was present at the death of the chace, near ring in Hertfordshire. It is the first deer that has been run death for many months; and, when opened, its heart strings ere found to be quite rent, as is supposed with the force of nning: SISTE VERO, TANDEM, CARNIFEX!" Essay on Ab-inence from Animal Food, pages 88, 89.

His *Wisdom*'s of the self-same School;
The Miscreant deems his God a [d] fool.

Just, candid, wise Pythagoréan,
Feed thou on pulse—roast-beef feed me on!

When, curst with a R—tsonian palate,
Nebuchadnezzar liv'd on Salad,
His brutal appetite to suit,
God gave th' Offender heart of brute,
And to the desert sent him, where he
Din'd at the greensweard Ordinary
With Nature's Commoners, *his peers*,
Sheep, horses, asses, calves and steers.
This Vegetable Regimen
Restor'd him to himself again;
Cur'd in sev'n years of his conceit,
He bless'd his Maker, as 'twas meet.

Methinks I hear Josephus cry:
"What if he did! so will not I;"

[d] "Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given to them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict upon our fellow creatures.

Note. "It may be so, but it is evident that *Providence has not, in this instance, had all the success she intended. She would have acted* MORE WISELY, when she was about it, to have infused a little humanity into the mind of her favourite." Essay, p. 99, 100.

For of a much superior quality
To Neb's is Joe's brutality:
Unchang'd, and vegetable proof
As any Beast's that wears a hoof.
Sev'n years, and three times sev'n beside,[e]
Has Joe abjur'd roast, boil'd and fried:
But vegetation nought supplies
Of pow'r the Churl to humanize:
Whether he writes, or quotes, or prates,
Still heart of Brute predominates.—
And will no Leech in all the land
This Essay-writer take in hand?
Help W——s, S——nds, help M——oe,
Sure you can make a cure of Joe!
Try with choice nostrums, each old woman,
If you can make the Monster human!
Your ghostly counsel give, each priest,
To change the nature of the Beast!
Can none of you amend his nature?
Then I'll invoke the Legislature:
(He's foil'd the sage of either sex;—)
"TOLLE JOSEPHUM CARNIFEX!"

[e] See Essay.

TO A LADY,

With a red Morocco Pocket-Book with blue Silk Strings, and Figures of two Ladies on the Frontispiece.

My dearest Nancy, ere we part,
Receive this emblem of my heart.
My Heart, like This, is crimson'd o'er;
You've made it bleed at every pore.
Like This my captive Heart is bound
With many a fold of Love around;
O that that heart-enfolding Clew
Had but a silken softness too!
Such are the gentle Bands that join
Two Hearts in mutual Love: but mine
Is writhing with excess of Pain,
Hard bounden in an iron Chain.
When you shall loose the strings and look
Where the first Tablet of the Book
Presents *Two* Ladies, do not start!
'Tis yet an emblem of my heart;
My Heart that in you fondly traces
So many virtues, charms, and graces.
It finds variety in One;
Tho' *there* your Image stands alone.
Here let me close the parallel!
Since neither Book nor Verse can tell
How pure, how ardent and how true
Is what my Heart contains for you.

TO THE SAME,

Fortune-telling with Cards.

DEAR Nancy, if you wish to know
What Fate reserves in store for you,
Ask not the idle cards to show,
I'll tell as wisely, and as true:

For I will take a magic Book
Of characters divinely fair;
Upon thy lovely Self I'll look,
And read, dear Girl, thy fortune there.

By those love-darting Eyes I find
How many hearts their empire own;
I see the sweetness of thy mind
That keeps the hearts those Eyes have won:

Yet none, among so many hearts,
Nor any you shall yet subdue,
Should you join all their better parts,
Can make a Heart to merit you.

Now, shall I look into your breast
And see what Heart is favour'd there?
No—be that fatal Truth suppress'd,
Lest I should sink in my despair!

THE CONFESSION.

NEVER till now could I with them agree
Who tell us, Want of Bliss is Misery;
I thought that Joy might in remembrance last,
And Pleasures, till forgotten, were not past:
But when from my Cleora I remov'd,
Too sadly true the slighted Tenet prov'd.
That she a lasting impress can impart,
Witness ye Powers who read her Strephon's heart!
Wishes and all that's ere call'd Love I feel;
But Griefs the wonted place of Pleasures fill.
So widow'd Earth, after a sun-bright day,
Retains the warmth of each enlivening ray;
But mourns in mists while the kind God's away.

FRAGMENT,

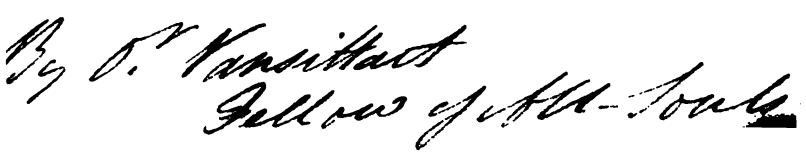
Addressed to a Friend on the Circuit.

YOU should sing
The robed Judge, majestically great,
Th' embroider'd Sheriff in his year of state;
In sable stoles array'd the Sons of Law;
The baited Witness, trembling in their paw:
The spruce Attorney's quick and busy glance;
The booted Client's dubious countenance;
The Moment big with hope, and doubt, and fear,
When the grave Jury, turning to the Chair,
Pronounce aloud th' irrevocable Say—
That takes a Shilling or a Life away.

A DRAMATIC VIEW OF THE STATE OF THE AMERICAN QUESTION 1776.

This little Piece, which has been imperfectly introduced in a former Collection, is here given from a more full and correct Copy.

Upon the tressel Pig was laid,
And a sad squealing sure he made;
Killpig was by with knife and steel,
" Can'st not lie quiet? why dost squeal?
" Have I not fed thee with my pease,
" And now such little things as these
" Refusest thou? Quite full of vittle,
" Won't you be cut and kill'd a little?
" Shall I lay fat on Piggys' backs,
" And shall not Piggy pay me tax?"
To whom thus Piggy in reply,
" How can you think I'd quiet lie?
" Or that for pease myself I'd barter?"
" Then, Piggy, you must shew your Charter.
" Shew you're exempted more than others;
" Or go to pot with all your Brothers."
[*Here Piggy struggles.*
" Help, Neighbours, help! this Pig's so strong
" I fear I cannot hold him long;
" He kicks so, there's no keeping him under:



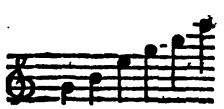
"Where are you all?—See, by your blunder,
"He's kick'd and broke his cords asunder.
"Well, for this time you've got away;
"But I shall catch you, Pig, some other day."

[*Exeunt Omnes,* Piggy *running and* Killpig *after him, nobody knows whither.*

AN EARLY VIEW OF THE SAME QUESTION:

In a Dialogue between some Boilers and Chafing-dishes.

EACH morn the Chafing-dishes round
The College quadrangles are found;
And, as the Coals begin to glisten,
You'll hear the Boiler, if you listen,
Running his treble notes up high,
To Chafing-dish beneath him cry;
"Wee, wee, wee, we, wehee, wee, we!"
"Shall both of us exhausted be,
"Between this Fire, and you, and me,
"About a Dish or two of Tea?"



Da Capo.

TO THE LADIES,

On the Fashion of Female Head-dress at the Day.

HAVE ye never seen a net
  Hanging at your kitchen door,
Stuff'd with dirty straw, beset
  Full of old skew'rs o'er and o'er?
If ye have—it wonder breeds
  Ye from thence should steal a fashion;
And should heap your lovely heads
  Such a deal of filthy trash on.
True, your Tresses, wreath'd with art,
  (Bards have said it ten times over)
Form a Net to catch the heart
  Of the most unfeeling Lover:
But, thus robb'd of half your beauty,
  Whom can you induce to buy?
Or incline for love or suit t' ye
  By his Nose or by his Eye!
When he views your tresses thin
  Tortur'd by some French Friseur;
Horse-hair, hemp and wool within,
  Garnish'd with a Diamond Skew'r;
When he scents the mingled steam
  That your plaister'd heads are rich in,
Lard and meal and clouted cream,
  Can he love a walking Kitchen?

FRAGMENT.

THE Sheep of gentle Westley's fold,
If right I read their doctrine, hold
That Grace descends, not like the dew
Pouring a blessing o'er the general earth,
But falls upon a chosen Few,
The Children of the *Second Birth*:
Not that this Grace doth most abound
In pure and consecrated Ground;
For SIN, they tell you, like Manure,
Makes the Crop plentiful and sure.

LINES

Written with a Pencil in a Lady's Almanac.

Go happy Lines, yet fearful go,
To meet Louisa's secret eye!
Tell what I wish her heart should know,
Yet, rather than declare, I die.

Perhaps she'll scorn ye, and despise
The tribute of a Heart so poor—
Too valueless to be the prize
Of Beauty, proudest Conqueror.

Then tell her that her Touch alone
  Destroys your pencil'd forms with ease;
And say your Fate is like my own,
  To be or not, as she shall please.

But should her gentleness now spare,
  Pass one short year and ye are not!
A little year shall send ye where
  You'll perish among things forgot;

Yet so, how envied should you be!
  For who is he would not prefer,
Before an Immortality,
  To live a Year or Day with Her?

I fear she'll turn ye all to jest:
  Then let her know I've made my prayer;
That, when by Beaux, smart Beaux, carest,
  She ne'er may feel a tender care!

But while they sigh, or kneel, or vow,
  Think it all done in sport and play;
Or write Love-rhymes (as I do now)
  Laugh, but not trust a word they say.

Those treasures of unveil'd delight
Which bless with ecstacy the sight;
Whose touch e'en languid Age might move,
And make a Hermit mad with Love:
But now, alas! how chang'd my fate!
How fall'n from my exalted state!
And still more cruel, Clara fair,
Dethron'd by you, who plac'd me there.

AN ABSOLUTE ACROSTIC,

And Alliterate Alphabetical Address al aimable ANNA.

1. HOPE.

Angel I call her and angelical,
Neat, nun-apparell'd, Nature's Nonpareil;
Nancy needs nothing, nothing needs Nan's Eye,
Arch-brow'd and arch with amorous amity.

2. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ha! happy hours, how hearty heretofore!
All arm'd, alas! against a Lass alarming.
We went on! wanton wenches willows wore,
Kind kissing Creatures, cherry-cheek'd and charming.
Yield back your yesterdays ye years of yore!
Nan's naughty now, I nought, do not I know her?
So sour, so shy she seems, she'd seen me sigh so sore.

FRAGMENT.

No Verses—my Love is now on the decline—

And e'en in its meridian height,
Fill'd with the lustre of her sun-bright eye,
It shed a scanty light,
Unapt to raise the flow'rs of Poesy:
But chill and feeble was the ray
Chill as the Moon upon the silver plain,
And feeble as the streams of light that play
Round Cassiopeïa's chair, and slow Boötes' wain.

ON THE

AMPHIBIOUS N. ELLIOT, OF OXFORD,

Shoemaker and Poet.

ELLIOT sublime, to whom indulgent Heav'n
A *double trade* for livelihood has given,
Whether thou turn'st the Ox's well-tann'd hide,
Or kennest L——'s [a] soul more blackly dyed;

[a] A well known Character in fashionable life, whom our Poet had made the object of his Satyr.

Well-skill'd to form thy matter and to sew it,
Yclept or cobler neat, or tuneful poet.
Not in more order do thy stitches shine,
Than the rang'd morals of thy whiter line:
Not sharper does thy awl the leather pierce
Than the bad conscience thy satyric Verse:
Each character, cut out in newest taste,
In ev'ry point exactly fits the Last.
Beau, hypocrite, or twining fawners suits,
Emblem of pumps, of slippers, and of boots.
Of Proverb old illustrious confutor,
For thou art, *ultra crepidam*, a *Sutor*.
Oxonians swear in concert that the Nine
Thy wreaths with waxen ends conspir'd to twine,
Oft as thy Stone's great Image [b] (strapp'd by Fate
To Time's old knee, and there ordain'd to wait
His fatal mandate, or around twirl his pin)
Shall bring the glorious Festival of Crispin,
So oft I swear, by this old Staple Leather,
Which ne'er again will grow to Tup or Weather,
Repairing to thy favour'd Cell, and plac'd
On Tripod smooth which Delphos erst had grac'd,
I'll quaff a pennyworth of ale to every Muse,
And write a pair of rhymes, and buy a pair of shoes.

TIMOTHY TWO-SHOES,
Of St. Giles's, Oxford.

[b] The World.

By Joan Button

LINES

Inscribed on a Leaf of LOWTH'S GRAMMAR, *which the Writer presented to a Young Lady, the Daughter of his Friend.*

FAIR miniature of all thy Mother's grace,
Gentle THERESA! whose first-op'ning bloom
Foretells a lovely Flow'r of rich perfume:
Now that thy tender mind doth quick embrace
Each character impress'd, these pages trace
With studious eye, and let thy thoughts assume
Such classic dress as grac'd the Maids of Rome,
Free, elegant, and as thy manners chaste.

IMITATION

From the MEDEA *of* EURIPIDES.

QUEEN of every moving Measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
MUSIC! why thy pow'rs employ
Only for the Sons of Joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient Numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom Death or absence parts;
And with some softly-whisper'd air
Smooth the brow of dumb Despair!

THE SPLEEN.

I am not of their mind who say
The World degenerates every day;
Nor like to hear a churl exclaim,
In rapture at Queen Bess's name,
And cry, "What happy times were those
"When Ladies with the Sun uprose,
"And for their breakfast did not fear
"To eat roast-beef and drink small-beer!
"Then buxom Health and sprightly Grace
"Enliven'd every blooming face;
"Blooming with roses all its own;
"And rouge, tea, vapours, were unknown."

Nature, still changing, still the same,
Hath so contriv'd this worldly frame,
That every age shall duly share
The good or ill that flows from her.
Thus we, a Spleenful race, are free
From magic and from sorcery;
While those who liv'd with good Queen Bess
(As they that know the truth confess)
Tho' Spleen and Vapours there were none,
Had Imps and Witches many a one;
And he who, 'cause he has not seen,
Will not believe, hath ne'er, I ween,
With due attention mus'd upon
Thy page, O British Solomon!

Thus far in preface—Now I'll tell
How Spleen arose, when Witchcraft fell.
By vengeful Laws the Wizard brood
Long harass'd and at last subdued,
Their black Familiars all repair
Before the throne of Lucifer,
With sad petitions, setting forth
Their many grievances on earth,
What torments they were doom'd to bear
While tending on their Witches there:
Some drown'd, to prove their innocence,
Or, scaping, hang'd on that pretence;
Some burnt within their steeple hats,
Some nine times murder'd in their Cats.
Brief, they petition'd to enjoy
Some less adventurous employ,
Since witchcraft now was thought so common
They were not safe in an Old Woman.

Their suit was granted—up they came
New-liveried in Sulphur flame,
With licence thro' the realm to range;
But, with their pow'r, their name they change:
Magic no longer now is seen,
And what was Witchcraft once, is Spleen:
Yet still they most delight to vex,
As first they did, the Female Sex;
And still, like an old Witch's charm,
They teaze, but have no pow'r to harm.

Tho' Doctors otherwise have told,
The tale is true that I unfold;
And with my System suits the Name,
For Spleen and Vapours are the same;
And all the country people know
That these, ascending from below,
Are DEVILS of peculiar hue,
And from their colour call them BLUE.

DOMUM

CARMEN WICCAMICUM.[a]

CONCINAMUS O sodales
Eja! quid silemus?
Nobile canticum
Dulce melos, DOMUM,
Dulce Domum, resonemus!

Chorus. Domum, domum, dulce domum,
Domum, domum, dulce domum,
Dulce, dulce, dulce domum,
Dulce domum, resonemus!

Appropinquat, ecce! felix
Hora gaudiorum:
Post grave tædium,
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.

[a] See page 198.

Musa! libros mitte fessa,
Mitte pensa dura;
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium,
Me mea mittito cura!

Ridet annus, prata-rident,
Nosque rideamus:
Jam repetit domum
Daulius advena,
Nosque domum repetamus.

Heus! Rogere! fer caballos:
Eja! nunc eamus:
Limen amabile
Matris et oscula
Suaviter et repetamus.

Concinamus ad Penates!
Vox et audiatur.
" Phosphore! quid jubar,
" Segnius emicans,
" Gaudia nostra moratur?"

Chorus. Domum, domum, &c.

— anonymous

FINIS.

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